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CHRONICLE.

THE TSAR NICHOLAS II. is just now the observed of all observers. A young man of twenty-six years of age, he is of a reserved disposition, not readily intimate in intercourse with his *entourage*, but apparently affectionate by nature. He evidently had a strong love for his father, and is said to have been deeply impressed by his father's conception of a typical Russian Emperor—"The great *raison d'être* of a Tsar is to be Russian." The question is whether the present TSAR, in simple obedience to his father's behest "to advance the glory of Russia by peaceful methods," will care to repress the ambitious longings of youth, inflamed as they will be by the constant promptings of the military party. In this connexion M. DE BLOWITZ has revealed to us an aspect of the TSAR's character which is scarcely calculated to allay apprehension. As a young man the then TSAREWITCH used to look up to the Emperor WILLIAM of Germany as the ideal of a monarch. But, if we are to believe M. DE BLOWITZ, an estrangement arose between them because of what seemed to the TSAREWITCH the excessive eulogy of ALEXANDER III.'s peace-policy on the part of the KAISER. NICHOLAS II. is now said to entertain a great liking and admiration for the French—a fact which does not tend to lessen uneasiness. But we are further told that the TSAR has taken to heart his father's very significant declaration:—"I have taken care not to conclude a treaty before trying for a time the utility of a Franco-Russian understanding. That understanding rests at present in the hearts of the two peoples. It has stood the test, and if my successor, enlightened by the Almighty, thinks well, he will be able to consolidate what I have begun without fettering the future." This can mean nothing but a policy of utilising France in the interests of Russia. As to his personal tastes, it appears that NICHOLAS II. is a great reader, and has a genuine admiration for English literature, into which he was initiated by Mme. LAYKOL. He is also a great friend of the PRINCE OF WALES, and, since his journeys in the East, has arrived at the belief that it is for the Russians and English to unite in resisting the encroachments of Asiatic nations. His ideal policy seems to be a combination of all the European Powers for this purpose.

Regarded in the light thrown upon the situation by M. DE BLOWITZ, M. DUPUY's letter of condolence to the French Chambers on Monday calls to mind the definition of gratitude as a lively sense of favours to

come. The President of the Senate, M. CHALLEMEL-LACOUR, in comment upon the Premier's letter, was explicit in his eulogy of the late Tsar for his conviction "that France cannot be mutilated or dwarfed, and Europe remain intact." "This," he said, "is the reason of our lasting respect and our high admiration for him. This is the conviction that renders him sacred for us." M. CHALLEMEL-LACOUR then proceeded to instruct the young TSAR how he too might earn the gratitude and admiration of the French people. "We address to his heir, the Emperor NICHOLAS, summoned to so heavy a heritage, our earnest desire that wisdom may guide him, and that his reign may be in all respects worthy of that which has just terminated amid universal emotion." This is truly disinterested sympathy.

At a great meeting held on Wednesday at the Queen's Hall, London, the Marquess of SALISBURY delivered an important speech on the proposed unification of London. He pointed out that the members of the Unification Commission could not be regarded as representative of the community at large. Two of the four members are Radicals, and the other two have been connected, in an official capacity, with Liverpool and Birmingham, but not with London. Their recommendations amount to this—"Turn the City out and put the County Council in." The result would be a mammoth municipality of five million souls, controlled by a central body. There are two great dangers connected with such an organization—first, that the centre will be considered at the expense of the rest of the municipal body; and, secondly, that those who are likely to get a majority at the elections will enjoy a monopoly of attention. The Marquess of SALISBURY then went on to urge that the London County Council itself cannot be called representative of the electorate, of whom only forty-six per cent. went to the polls. Voters are discouraged by becoming absorbed in a huge municipality where the voice of the individual is drowned in the clamour of a huge political organization. As for the London County Council, whilst "it contains men of great ability and great judgment, it contains much too large a portion of the people who are principally moved by their special limited fanatical views or by their partisan and class antipathies." The London County Council, he said, is nothing other than a Collectivist fortress. He quoted Mr. CHAMBERLAIN as saying that the size of the average municipality, if it were to be effectually represented, should not exceed a quarter of a million of men. Such a

body of municipalities should, he thought, be established in the metropolis, if it was not to fall a prey to "the incisive tooth of predatory Radicalism."

The rout of the Democrats in the United States is complete. The result of the State and Congressional elections in the United States is an overwhelming victory for the Republicans. The Northern States have been entirely won. In New York State Mr. MORTON has been elected Governor by a majority of 150,000. In New York City itself, the Tammany stronghold, Mr. STRONG has been chosen Mayor by a majority of 50,000. It is probable that a Republican majority will be returned for the Senate as well as for Congress.

A word about the Swazis and their Envoys. For seventeen years the Swazis have been our firm allies. They have fought bravely for us, and shed their blood freely in our wars, even against native tribes with whom they were allied by race. In recognition of their great services, both Sir EVELYN WOOD and Lord WOLSELEY have pledged their word that England would always uphold the independence of the Swazis. Nor is this the only engagement by which we are bound in honour to interfere on their behalf. There are two treaties in existence, dated 1884 and 1890, signed by England and the South African Republic, by which it was agreed that the independence of the Swazis should be strictly observed. It is true that the English Government, in 1893, impelled by some extraordinary infatuation, concluded a convention with the Boers, conferring upon them the right to meddle in the affairs of Swaziland; but the condition of that interference was that England should be "satisfied that the "Swazi Queen, Regent, and Council understood the "nature, terms, articles, and conditions" of the said Convention. The Swazi Envoys have been sent to protest against any such convention. They know too well the barbarities of Boer rule. "The Boers are old friends "of ours," said the leader of the Swazi deputation. "We want to know what wrong we have done that we "should be taken from under the wing of the Great "QUEEN."

News of severe fighting in Waziristan reached Quetta on Monday. Two thousand Waziris, a Pathan tribe, made a sudden descent in the early morning upon Colonel TURNER's camp at Wano. Colonel TURNER, it may be remembered, is at present engaged in the delimitation of the Afghan frontier, and has with him a native Indian escort. The attack was not altogether unexpected, but the Waziris succeeded in inflicting some loss on our troops before they were driven off by our cavalry. An English officer was unhappily killed, and five others wounded, besides casualties among native officers and men. The 1st Ghoorkas behaved splendidly, and in a quarter of an hour, after a hard hand-to-hand fight, the enemy retired, pursued by our cavalry, who effectually avenged our losses, no fewer than two hundred and fifty Waziris being counted dead on the field.

Mr. H. H. JOHNSTON made a speech on Tuesday at the St. George's Hall, Liverpool, on the Colonization of British Africa and the Slave Trade. The suppression of the slave trade, he said, is the main condition of the development of tropical Africa. Our cruisers only check the traffic in human flesh to a very slight degree. Arabia, Persia, and Madagascar import as many slaves as they require. The greater number of slaves, however, are condemned to servitude in Africa itself, in Morocco, Tripoli, Tunis, and elsewhere. Mr. JOHNSTON highly praised the much-abused missionaries for the admirable work they have been achieving in Nyassaland, in their efforts to raise the negroes to a higher stage of civilization. But the welfare of Central

Africa, he thought, could only be attained by the co-operation of the British and Indian race with the negroes. As Mr. JOHNSTON has elsewhere concisely put it, "Eastern Africa and British Central Africa "should become the America of the Hindus," under the control of a European government stationed in the highlands, where alone Europeans can live without suffering physical and moral degeneration. In the lowlands, the fever is too deadly to be braved with impunity by any but races inured to tropical climates. It is not desirable to encourage the growth of the Arab element, but a blend of the negro with the Hindu Mr. JOHNSTON is inclined to regard favourably. With regard to his own administration Mr. JOHNSTON gave some remarkable figures. In three years the trade has increased from 20,000*l.* to 100,000*l.*; the number of European settlers from 57 to 265; the local revenue from 1,700*l.* to 13,000*l.*, and the acreage under cultivation by Europeans from 1,000 to over 8,000 acres. An admirable record!

Happy New Zealand! It has no paupers and no unemployed—at any rate, not enough to constitute them a problem. Nor do they take their Socialism very seriously. There is not so much of it in New Zealand as Englishmen imagine, says a contributor to the *Times*. The eight-hours day is more honoured in the breach than in the observance. Much useful legislation has, however, been passed in the shape of different Factories Acts, a Shops Act, an Employers' Liability Act, &c. It appears that the Labour party, although it is now in a majority of three to one in the House of Representatives, has positively astonished its opponents by its moderation. Its programme includes an Arbitration Bill "to encourage the formation of industrial "unions and associations, and to facilitate the settlement of industrial disputes by conciliation and "arbitration." The main feature of the Bill is that the employer is to be dealt with individually, the employee as the member of an industrial union. "No single "workman has power to put the Act in motion." The new Shops Bill provides for the closing of all shops once in each week, from one o'clock in the afternoon. Women and children were, by a former Act, forbidden to work more than fifty-eight hours a week in shops, and shopkeepers had to provide proper sitting accommodation for their employees—a provision that might well be put in force in our own shops and saloons. Shopkeepers are now forbidden to work their assistants for more than ten and a half hours in one day. The new Consolidation Bill aims at preventing "sweating" by means of the New York label-system. All articles made outside a factory or workroom must now bear a printed label to that effect. As regards the land policy of the Government, the enforcement of a graduated income-tax has struck a severe blow at the large landholders; but, fortunately, the soil of New Zealand is well fitted for agriculture on a small scale.

The postponement of the meeting of the German Reichstag to December 5 has caused general astonishment at Berlin. Common rumour hints at difficulties in filling the posts of the Ministers of Justice and Agriculture. It is indeed reported that Dr. KOCH, the President of the Imperial Bank, has been appointed Minister of Justice, and Baron VON WILAMOVITZ Minister of Agriculture, but nothing definite is yet known. There is likely to be trouble with the Agrarian party, which is making itself disagreeably conspicuous with petitions to Prince HOHENLOHE in favour of State encouragement of the landowning interests. Amongst other things, they wish to raise the duties on American cattle and cereals.

On Tuesday, at Dublin, Mr. HEALY gave Lord ROSEBURY some straight advice regarding the Govern-

ment policy towards the House of Lords. "Either 'no House of Lords or no Veto' is Mr. HEALY'S conception of 'a clear issue which the people would understand.'" If it were only a question of reform, Lord SALISBURY was a reformer, and the result would be a mere competition of reforms between Tories and Liberals. The time had come for Irish members to inform the Government that all questions must be subservient to that of Home Rule. Mr. HEALY ended by describing the position of the Irish party as one of "dominant, masterful triumph." There is no sensitive reticence about these Irishmen, and they are sometimes cruelly unambiguous in their language.

On the 2nd of November Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, Secretary for Scotland, was presented with the freedom of Dundee, and spoke on the benefits conferred upon mankind by municipal government. This was, he said, the first time in the history of the world since the dark ages and the middle ages that men were looking to the municipalities to solve social problems. In Scotland the idea of common public education had been splendidly realized. "What has been done in 'education may be done in other departments of the 'State'; and Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN proceeded to sketch out in detail the aims of "a noble Socialism, 'with the principle of which no man could quarrel," which included the management by the municipalities of public lodging-houses, laundries, baths, parks, and playgrounds; a supply of cheap and abundant water and light and means of transit; and the right of the community to take over "upon fair terms" such land as "the community required for its health, its need, 'its legitimate expansion.'" The municipalities will have their hands full when this "noble Socialism" comes to pass, and the prospect is hardly inviting with the example of America before us, and the London County Council breathing forth "purity" in our very midst.

In the evening, at a banquet in honour of Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, Mr. ROBERTSON, one of the Civil Lords of the Admiralty, replying to the toast of the Navy, said the Government had many difficulties to contend with in respect of the increasing size and number of our warships. Were our docks big enough to hold the ships that were going to be built? and were there enough men to man them? The Admiralty were looking to the mercantile marine to increase the strength of the navy, and he hoped for an increase of the Royal Reserve Force. It has long been pointed out by our best naval authorities that we have neither sufficient men nor sufficient officers to man our fleet effectively; that we have neither docks, nor coaling-stations, nor armament sufficient. But the Admiralty will peacefully slumber on till a great national disaster befalls us.

Mr. DIGGLE will state his case in the *Religious Review of Reviews* of November 15, in reply to the allegations made against the majority of the School Board, that they are anxious to upset the Compromise, to introduce sacerdotal teaching into the schools, and that they have alienated the teachers.

DEMOCRACY AND JOBBERY.

IF facts would only compose their quarrel with theory, Democracy would be the purest form of government, Municipal Councils the purest sort of democratic institutions, and Radical Councillors the purest members of municipal bodies. Hence we are able to measure the extreme unfriendliness with which theory is regarded by facts when we reflect that democracies have almost invariably fallen by corruption, that municipalities have been more deeply infected by it

than larger administrative units, and that it is the most democratically constituted of such municipalities which have offered the most scandalous spectacles to the world. So familiar have these experiences become to an attentive observer of modern public life that he could trace any particularly gross and flagrant job to its origin almost, so to speak, with his eyes shut. After the very shortest possible game of blindman's-buff, he would find his way to the nearest municipal body; and the most pretentiously "progressive" of its members would be the first to be clasped in his embrace. Blessed, therefore, as we are in this metropolis with a democratic municipality which satisfies all the conditions above set forth, it would have been easy for any one who had merely heard that an exceptionally shameless little piece of jobbery had come to light in London to know where to look for the parties implicated. He would have expected with confidence to be able to trace this dingy streamlet of corruption to its Spring Gardens. He would have gone straight to that essence of pure Democracy, the County Council, and thence to the quintessence distilled therefrom, every precious drop of which may be identified with a "Progressive" member. And he would have been right. He would have found that the brilliant idea of establishing a newspaper in your private capacity, and then proceeding in your public capacity to feed it out of the money of the ratepayers, originated not only with our municipal Democrats, but among that particular section of them who represent the principle of government "by the people for the people" in its most concentrated form.

Of the circumstances under which these children of light created, or acquired, the "Journal of Civic and 'Social Progress' entitled *London*, the children of this world are at present in ignorance. It may be that the facts will never be known. So painful is the shrinking of the Progressive County Councillor from publicity—except in the shape of official advertisements—that he may quite possibly carry the modest secret with him to the grave. But the names of the proprietors cannot "flee from the press" and dwell with quietness in this fashion. The register has no coy reserves, and from that unblushing document it was ascertained that the list of shareholders includes the names of Mr. MCKINNON WOOD, L.C.C., Lord MONKSWELL, L.C.C., Mr. B. F. C. COSTELLOE, L.C.C., Mr. S. L. TAYLOR, L.C.C., and last, not least, the Chairman of the L.C.C., Sir JOHN HUTTON himself. The directors are RICHARD STAPLEY, PERCY BUNTING, and H. W. MASSINGHAM. The share capital is 5,000*l.*, divided into 500 shares of 10*l.* each. The Company was incorporated on January 14, 1893, and by May 4 in the same year public confidence in the adventure had only been shown to the extent of subscriptions for eighty-six shares, in addition to the seventy-one held by the above-named members of the Council. Perhaps the stock of the Company has "gone better" since; there is certainly every reason why it should; and, at all events, a mere survey of the foregoing extract from the register might well have suggested such an expectation. For the position of nearly all the gentlemen whose names appear therein exactly reverses that of the imprisoned insect of a too familiar quotation. Mr. MASSINGHAM, a journalist of undoubted ability who has nothing in the world to do with contracts, so far as we are aware, is the only "fly in amber" among them; but, as for his colleagues, no sensible man would for a moment "wonder how the devil they got 'there.'" He would know. Or, if he did not, the most cursory examination of the impression of *London* which now lies before us would enlighten him; and he would see that these shareholders were brought into the Company, not by any such mysterious force as that which introduced the fly into

the amber, but by that much more familiar impulse in obedience to which the bird bears feathers to its nest. He would entertain no doubt that the purchase of fifty shares in the paper by Mr. MCKINNON WOOD, of ten by that obviously most useful of "working" members in such a Company, the Chairman of the London County Council, and of five each by those champions of another sort of "purity," Mr. PERCY BUNTING and Mr. B. F. C. COSTELLOE, was in each case a response to that heaven-imprinted instinct which we have described, and which, though operating less potently upon Lord MONKSWEILL, is yet, no doubt, responsible for his acquisition of that single 10*l.* share which stands against his name. This, we say, will be evident to any one who runs an eye over the particular number of *London* which we have just examined. The "Journal of Civic and Social Progress" is not, indeed, either a powerful or an entertaining print. It contains a feeble little leader, a series of feeble little notes, an "elevation," no doubt correctly drawn to scale, of the Marylebone Baths and Wash-houses, a portrait of the Deputy Chairman of the London County Council, taken apparently by a new process in invisible ink, a report of the proceedings at the last meeting of the Council, and other less interesting matter. Considered as a newspaper, rather than an advertising medium, it is impossible to conceive solitude so absolute, monotony so intense, ennui so profound, as to be relieved by it. ALEXANDER SELKIRK would have rejected it with a shudder; its tameness would have shocked him more severely than that of the island fauna. But as an advertising medium—no! There, we grant, it has merits. The greater part of its front page and the whole of its penultimate and antepenultimate pages are covered with what the proprietors are, no doubt, fully justified in regarding as matter of high interest. For these pages contain the equivalent of some eight columns of official advertisements. Such powerful contributions from such "valued contributors" as the County Councillor shareholders themselves would make the success of any number; and the proprietors may justly feel assured that, if they can only keep the paper up to this high literary level, its circulation is bound to increase, and the general advertiser is certain to hasten to the patronage of an organ which possesses so valuable a monopoly.

Perhaps, however, the most significant and characteristic incident in connexion with this brazen little job is the short debate which took place upon it some few months ago in the Council. It was started by one of the members—presumably not a shareholder in the "Journal of Civic and Social Progress"—who asked the Chairman of the Local Government and Taxation Committee whether it was intended to "advertise the re-arrangement of wards in the local papers as well as in *London*." To this Mr. MCKINNON WOOD, holder of fifty shares in that paper, and conveniently "doubling" therewith the part of Chairman of the Local Government and Taxation Committee, replied that the advertisements appeared in *London* "under contract, that journal having made the lowest tender for them." Upon this a Mr. EMDEN mildly suggested that "the circulation ought to be considered as well as the tender"—which was very much to the point, and shows that Mr. EMDEN has the root of the matter in him. A paper circulating only in the bar-parlour of the "Pig and Whistle" might, for instance, see its way to making a temptingly low tender for official advertisements; but it would not, therefore, follow that the public interest would be best served by its acceptance. Again, however, the Chairman of the Local Government and Taxation Committee came to the rescue. That point, he said, had also been considered by the Committee, who satisfied themselves that the circulation of *London* was "the largest of any other local government paper." For the daring

Græcism of this locution Mr. MCKINNON WOOD has, we are aware, the authority of MILTON, in the well-known passage:—"ADAM the goodliest of his sons since born, the fairest of her daughters EVE." Still, it is more common, in prose, to say "larger than any other local government paper." But, perhaps, the whole account of the circulation of the official journal is poetic, and we should certainly like to know what particular prints are meant by the "local government papers" with which it was here compared, as, also, what is the precise character of the "arrangements under the contract for a local circulation of *London* in the case of every ward advertised." If this means, as an unkind critic has suggested, that the paper is distributed gratis in these wards, as a sort of advertisement of its monopoly, the arrangement would not be difficult to understand. Too close an examination of it, however, would only spoil it; and Mr. MCKINNON WOOD's long statement before the Council at its last meeting is open to the same objection. We did not require to be told that Mr. WOOD is personally guiltless, not only of any malpractice, but even of the slightest irregularity in the matter. That is always so, we are thankful to say. Members of all municipal bodies invariably resemble, not only the assassins, but the wife, of CÆSAR. Not content with being all honourable men, they acknowledge and act upon the principle that it is their duty to be also above suspicion. This is in their individual capacity. It is only when the atoms come into contact that that curious sort of chemical combination takes place which converts a number of highly scrupulous and sensitive units into a plurality capable of planning, carrying out, and defending so impudent a job as the feeding of this wretched little sheet with official advertisements, in order to cocker it into a property.

Impudent, but not important; that we have already admitted. The dingy streamlet of corruption is only a streamlet after all is said; still it flows from the same foul fountain-head that has poured its waters over the "bare and level plain" of Democracy throughout the world. It is not as deep as a Panama scandal nor as wide as a Tammany ring; but 'tis enough; 'twill serve, at any rate, for a warning of what is in store for us, as for any and every other nation that sets foot upon the same downward path.

THE STRUGGLE IN THE FAR EAST.

THE prognostication of those who perceived in the recall of Prince KUNG to the presidency of the Chinese Cabinet a purpose of opening negotiations for peace, has been confirmed. When the overtures made a fortnight ago were rejected by Japan the Imperial Government is said to have declared, in a momentary access of energy, that it would fight to the bitter end; but it appears to have been demoralized by the collapse of the defence in Manchuria, and to have gone the length, now, of soliciting the intervention of Europe to bring about a termination of the war. It is not our purpose, here, to criticize that decision. The young EMPEROR might have shown more wisdom, and would certainly have commanded sympathy and respect, if he had striven to keep the invader at bay, while organizing further resistance; for it is shrewdly suggested that the Japanese are scarcely more anxious to incur the rigour of a Manchurian winter than the Chinese are to endure their presence. The Japanese cannot compare in stamina with the stalwart inhabitants of North China; and if the war had produced a single daring leader capable of organizing guerilla warfare on the lines suggested ten years ago by Colonel GORDON, the Spring might have witnessed a

different aspect of affairs. But want of leadership has been the crucial defect of Chinese organization, not only in the field, but in the bureau. The best troops would become demoralized if they felt that they were pitted with inferior arms against a foe with superior, and the Chinese have evidently felt themselves outmanœuvred as well as outfought.

LORD ROSEBERRY was severely criticized for trying to bring about intervention earlier in the day; but we are not disposed to join in the chorus of reprobation. The political and commercial interests of this country in the Far East are enormous, and the possibilities of political complications loomed large. It seemed the part of logic and wisdom, therefore, to endeavour to secure peace; and the assumption that Russia and Germany, which are next to ourselves most interested, might be disposed to join in the attempt, was not antecedently improbable. If Russian and English interests in Corea do not run on precisely similar lines, neither country wishes to see the balance of power disturbed; while German interests rank next to those of England in the great foreign trade which has grown up during five and thirty years of peace. The intervention will have to be undertaken now, if it is undertaken, under more difficult conditions; for military success may have rendered Japan more exacting, while that success may not even yet have been pushed to a point that will make China abjectly compliant.

Japanese statesmen will, however, give proof of the political astuteness with which they are credited if they refrain from pushing their triumph too far; for their own horizon is, as SIR THOMAS WADE has lately pointed out, not free from cloud. Nor will they be wise in leaving a legacy of humiliation for an awakened China to avenge. For her recent defeats will bring home to China, more effectively than anything that has yet happened, the fact that something more than the purchase of ironclads and repeating rifles is needed to place her on an equality with the rest of the world. There was a halo of mystery about the relative character and extent of the forces which had descended upon her from the West; but she is under no illusion in respect to Japan. The relative size of the respective countries is as well known as the relative stature of the people, and even Chinese vanity can scarcely be impervious to the considerations implied by defeat at the hands of a nation possessing a tenth of its numbers and resources. No such transformation scene is to be expected as we have witnessed in Japan; the genius of the Chinese is opposed to violent changes and dramatic effects. But a change may be expected to take place in the spirit and attitude of those in power. The censors who have obstructed railways will find their position undermined, the corrupt officials who have speculated in arms contracts and kept the warships short of supplies will find their ways exposed to reprobation, the door which was only half opened to foreign intercourse will by the pressure of previous defeats be thrown wider; and the awakening of China, which has been going on so slowly as to be almost imperceptible except by political retrospect, will be sharply expedited. If it be true, as alleged, that the EMPEROR has at last consented to receive the foreign Ministers in audience within the Imperial palace instead of, as formerly, at a pavilion in the grounds, the fact will impress the Literate mind even more forcibly than the admission implied by the appeal for diplomatic help; and may be taken as implying an historic breach with the old assumption of political superiority to the rest of the world.

THE OXFORD REGIUS PROFESSORSHIP OF MODERN HISTORY.

HARDLY a fortnight has passed by since the great bell of St. Mary's tolled for the memorial service to JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, and Vice-Chancellor, Doctors, and Proctors met to pay their tribute of respect to the last of the elder generation of English historians. Mr. FROUDE's solid work had all been done some twenty or thirty years ago, in a time when style and the power of vivid narration still won a higher esteem than the more sober virtues of accuracy and patient research. In mental attitude, even more than in actual years, he belonged to an elder generation than his predecessor, EDWARD AUGUSTUS FREEMAN. The younger race of historical students refused to take him seriously, and when LORD SALISBURY gave him the Regius Chair, many muttered that the Conservative Premier had committed high treason against the cause of scientific history, and placed a stylist in the seat where a historian should have sat. In his two years of office Professor FROUDE did much to make his critics forget the feeling of resentment with which his appointment had been received. His two courses, on the English seamen of the Elizabethan age and on the life of ERASMUS, were so charming in manner that most of his hearers half forgot their old prejudice against knowledge that is merely interesting without being new. Crowded benches at a professorial lecture are such an unwonted sight in Oxford that few now ventured to deny that LORD SALISBURY'S nomination had justified itself. While men were still waiting for many more tales of adventure from that eloquent tongue, the late Regius Professor has been taken from them, and his chair is once more vacant. The responsibility of filling it falls upon LORD ROSEBERRY.

It is a special misfortune of the two old Universities that their chairs of Modern History are in the gift of the Crown—that is, of the Prime Minister. Now, few men think themselves qualified to dispense patronage among students engaged in a highly technical branch of learning, unless they themselves have some considerable knowledge in that province. No one would lightly give away a professorship of geology or a professorship of Hebrew unless he was himself somewhat of a Hebraist or a geologist; he would seek counsel of those who knew, before coming to any decision. But, unfortunately, there are two subjects, history and literature, on which every educated man who has read SHAKESPEARE, GIBBON, and MACAULAY'S Essays considers himself competent to form his own judgment. Prime Ministers have this additional snare set before their feet, that, being forced by the exigencies of their position to acquire some special knowledge of the annals of modern English politics, they are tempted more than other men to think themselves authorities in the field of history. It may seem obvious to the trained historian that no amount of information concerning PITT or PEEL or PALMERSTON will enable a politician to form adequate conclusions as to the relative merits of, let us say, a man who has written on the age of the Vikings and a man who has written on the later Byzantine Empire. But this fact is not so patent to the politician himself, and it shows a special grace of humility in him if he condescends to lay his own judgment aside, and to submit himself to the advice of skilled specialists. Let us hope that this special grace may be granted to LORD ROSEBERRY.

There are at present two men whom the voice of every serious student of history would designate as fit successors to the late Regius Professor. The first of the two is Mr. SAMUEL RAWSON GARDINER, the historian of the earlier STUARTS, and ere long—as we trust—to be the historian of the Commonwealth and the Protec-

torate also. The second is Mr. WILLIAM LECKY, whose knowledge in the eighteenth century is almost as encyclopædic as that of Mr. GARDINER in the seventeenth. Before either of these men every historian bows his head in respect; the advent of either of them to Oxford would be welcomed with joy. But rumour has it that Mr. LECKY was offered the Regius Chair by Lord SALISBURY in 1892 and refused it; he is not an Oxford man, nor has he devoted his life to teaching; there was, therefore, every reason why he should decline in middle age to transplant himself to a new abode, and to take up unfamiliar duties.

Mr. GARDINER, on the other hand, has been a teacher as well as a writer from his youth up. Not only is he the first living English historian, but he is one of the best living lecturers. He is a Fellow of Merton now, was for seven years a Fellow of All Souls', and served of late for four turns as an examiner in the final school of Modern History. No man of such eminence—with the single exception of Bishop STUBBS—has ever taken part in the routine work of the University since the teaching of history became part of its curriculum.

We do not hesitate to say that it will be a public misfortune if the Regius Chair is not offered to Mr. GARDINER, or if he fails to accept it. The post is not so well endowed as we might wish. Oriel Fellowships, like all other Fellowships, have been sinking of late under the stress of agricultural depression, and the foolish optimism of the late University Commission has left no funds with which the scanty endowments of the chair can be increased. But, considering the dignity of the position, we yet hope that the right man may accept it, if it is offered him.

Should Mr. GARDINER receive the offer, yet be forced to decline it—which Heaven forefend—the PRIME MINISTER will have a hard task before him. There are other historians in England, if their stature is less than those of the two whom we have already named. Mr. HODGKIN's name is well worth consideration. All who have read his *Italy and her Invaders* have recognized in it the true spirit of research, as well as a firm and vigorous literary style. Mr. HODGKIN is not an Oxford man, yet his election would please Oxford well enough. If an inquiring eye is cast round the University itself, there is at least one name—that of Mr. YORKE POWELL—which commands respect, though his brilliant and lively pen has given far too little written history to the world.

POLICE-CONSTABLE VESEY.

THE case of Police-Constable VESEY, which came before Mr. SHEIL at the Westminster Police Court this week, is undoubtedly of great public interest. There has been of late an unpleasant increase of such cases, with the natural result of drawing the attention of the public to the relations of the police to the public, and the principles that govern those relations. Remarkable as is the charge against VESEY, which was the subject of Mr. SHEIL's investigation, we are compelled to conclude, on the reports of the case, that the magistrate's decision is altogether extraordinary. The police-constable was charged with violently assaulting a woman whom he was taking into custody for being drunk and disorderly in the Brompton Road on the afternoon of last Thursday week. Three witnesses, employed in the South Kensington Museum, voluntarily tendered evidence of the assault. Their testimony is clear and positive. The woman, it seems, was ejected from the precincts of the Oratory for gross misconduct, and she was ordered to move on by VESEY. She does not appear to have stood upon the order of her going, but crossed the road and went her way. Mr. JOHN JACKSON, of the Science and Art Department

says that it appeared at first that VESEY intended to let her go. It seemed to the witness that he suddenly altered his mind, and followed the woman across the road, when he proceeded to strike her on the head, and knock her down. Mr. ASHBY offered similar evidence. He says that he saw the police-constable raise both his hands and bring them down on the woman with considerable force, so that she fell. Mr. WALTER stated that before the woman was taken into custody he saw VESEY deliberately knock her down, so that her head was cut open. Here are three independent witnesses in perfect agreement as to what they saw. One of them, Mr. JACKSON, throws some further light on the matter in what he states as to the apparent change of mind in the constable. Whether VESEY was provoked by some keen feminine retort, or lost his temper because the woman repeated in the public road her previous misconduct, as was alleged on his behalf, is a matter that may remain undecided. Mr. JACKSON and his friends declared that they saw nothing whatever of such repetition of misbehaviour. Be this as it may, the misconduct of the woman, or the ill repute of her character, to which Mr. SHEIL referred in his decision, affords no mitigation of VESEY's conduct as testified to by three witnesses. The more drunken and the more disorderly the offender, the greater is the demand on the care and discretion of the police. It is as impossible to deny the strength of the evidence against VESEY as it is to dispute the seriousness of the charge. Mr. SHEIL, however, decided to discharge VESEY, on the assumption that it was more probable that the witnesses to the assault were mistaken than that a police constable of many years' service should commit so violent an assault. And, in acquitting VESEY, he expressed the hope that the charge brought against him would not prejudice the police-constable with his superiors.

The extraordinary point in Mr. SHEIL's decision is that the magistrate gives no grounds for his belief that Messrs. WALTER, JACKSON, and ASHLEY were mistaken. Had an incident of the kind taken place at night it is conceivable that the darkness, combined with the dubious light of the street lamps, might lead witnesses into error. Yet, even in such circumstances, when contradictory testimony might be looked for, it would be an amazing thing that a magistrate should find that all the witnesses on the one side were mistaken and all on the other side worthy of credit. But the conditions in the VESEY case were altogether different. The affair occurred in the broad light of day, early in the afternoon, in one of the most spacious thoroughfares of London. Three perfectly independent persons voluntarily come forward and testify to a violent assault by the police-constable on the woman. Nothing was alleged against the respectability and *bona fides* of these witnesses. There was no suggestion that they were inspired by any object but the elucidation of the truth, or that they shared that not disinterested animosity against the guardians of the public peace which is common among a certain class of the population of great cities. Their character and position render them proof against such suggestions. Their impartiality is beyond question. Yet, sooner than believe that a police-constable could be guilty of what is charged against VESEY, Mr. SHEIL is reduced to the absurd conclusion that all three witnesses did not see what they depose to have seen. If such conduct as that with which VESEY was charged seems to Mr. SHEIL incredible, we are decidedly of opinion that the view that all three witnesses—Mr. WALTON, Mr. JACKSON, and Mr. ASHLEY—are mistaken, is still more incredible. And that Mr. SHEIL should dismiss VESEY in the opinion that there is nothing in the case prejudicial to his advancement in the force is nothing less than amazing.

MADAGASCAR.

THE news that RASANJY, one of the Malagasy QUEEN'S most trusted Councillors, is strongly suspected of being in collusion with the French is of the gravest importance at this moment. Although his birth did not entitle him to expect to be chosen as the successor of the old Prime Minister, his ability has long universally been recognized as of the very highest order; and he was often spoken of as the only man fitted for the post. Up to a very recent period, also, he alone enjoyed the entire confidence of the Grand Old Man of Madagascar. RASANJY was invariably admitted to the most secret interviews with the latter potentate. With an outwardly calm, and even stolid, demeanour, nothing escaped those lynx eyes and active brain. He was known throughout the island as RAINILAIARIVY'S right hand and *alter ego*. Overtures were incessantly made to him on the part of the French, to which hitherto he has turned a deaf ear. Both his co-secretaries had been often accused of French proclivities, but RASANJY never. How his conversion has been brought about, or even whether it has taken place or not, is of less importance, for the moment, than the fact that he is now under grave suspicion by the Hova Court.

For this fact points unmistakably to one of two alternatives. Either RASANJY has suddenly, from pure conviction of the justice of the French demands, or even from being persuaded of the hopelessness of resisting them, begun to urge their acceptance by his Royal mistress, or at least he has, in some less overt way, shown that such is his present opinion. Whichever is the case, the effect cannot fail to be the same upon a very large number of Malagasy, especially of the younger nobles, who place implicit reliance upon his judgment. It is early to forecast what will be the result when these reflections have had time to sink into the minds of that eminently thoughtful people. Even if he has been debauched by French gold, the fact would not carry with it the stigma that it might in other countries. Among a nation where no officials are paid, it is only natural that they should take means to supply the deficiency; and the art of bribery has been brought to perfection in Madagascar. It used to be said that the old Prime Minister was the only man in the island who had not his price, and although the saying perhaps contained two misstatements, still it was more nearly accurate than the majority of popular sayings.

That RASANJY, who was at once the Malagasy TALLEYRAND and the CÆSAR'S wife of Eastern diplomacy, should even be suspected of betraying his country will do more harm to the Hova dynasty than the arrival of a hundred French mitrailleuses. It is, of course, just possible that he has become a sincere convert to foreign ideas without the "exhibition" of foreign gold being necessary. For a Malagasy he is a passing rich man already; although, as is the custom with many an Oriental of large means, he lives in the greatest simplicity. But he could write a cheque for a good round sum, and is a large house-, land-, and slave-owner. He both speaks and writes English with remarkable fluency and correctness; but his French is rather weak. However, he is still comparatively young, and is far too shrewd and clever a man to neglect that necessary accomplishment when the French become masters of the island, as they undoubtedly will before many months are over. In whatever way the conversion has been effected, it will occur to every one that RASANJY, until quite recently, was the most uncompromising opponent with whom the French had to reckon in Madagascar. Probably his life would now scarcely be safe in the narrow wynds of the capital if he were to venture forth alone and unarmed.

It may be said with perfect truth to-day that, whether RASANJY has been won over by a few thousand dollars; persuaded by diplomatic casuistry; or unable to withstand the irresistible logic of facts—the French have to be heartily congratulated upon the simple fact that RASANJY, the Hova Premier's most trusted adviser, is being strictly watched, on suspicion of having been tampered with by the French.

THE CASE OF THE EMPIRE.

THE case of the Empire, about which all London has been agitated for the past three weeks, sums up in itself a number of questions of grave importance, of far graver importance than the mere matter in dispute—than, indeed, any possible licence of any possible theatre. The functions and privileges of the London County Council, the privileges and rights of the public in regard to public amusements, all the complications of Purity and Prostitution, the whole social question, as it is called, will have to be considered, and in some measure decided upon. These are no small issues; and the fact that they are being recklessly and wantonly confused by both parties should not blind us to their existence, and need not perplex us as to their exact nature. Let us look at one or two of the many points which call for discussion.

In the first place, it seems to us, the County Council, by its action in confirming the recommendation of its Licensing Committee, has struck a very dangerous blow at its own public credit. For, by its capricious action in this matter, by the irresponsibility of its whole procedure, it has demonstrated its entire incompetence to adjudicate in questions relating to the public amusements of the people, and the private rights of those who provide these amusements. A licence, once granted, should become, we hold, of the nature of a right; a right which may, indeed, be forfeited if its privileges can be proved to have been abused, but not otherwise. Now, the licence of the Empire, originally granted by the magistrates, has been confirmed year after year by the County Council. Suddenly, on the complaint and evidence—evidence not taken on oath—of several persons known to hold extreme views on all questions of morality and social order, the County Council has refused the Empire its licence, except on severely restrictive conditions, which would place it out of competition with the other music-halls: namely, that the promenade should be closed and the sale of drinks within the auditorium done away with. Next year a new County Council may very probably change its mind, and say to the Empire, "You may have your promenade again; you may again send a brandy-and-soda to a 'thirsty gentleman in the stalls.'" But meanwhile certain alterations, probably at considerable expense, will have been made in the theatre, and the shareholders will certainly have had to suffer heavy losses. And why? Simply because a certain body of men, who composed the County Council in 1894, were too weak to resist the organized attack of the fanatics of the suburbs; while in 1895 another body of men will constitute the same corporation, and by that time will probably have learnt a little wisdom. The County Council is an elective body, consisting of persons who, for the most part, have been elected by very small majorities, and who are, therefore, more likely than not to be unseated at a new election. Now it is evident that so serious and far-reaching a power, which is certain to be so variously balanced and inclined, should not exist in the hands of the mere puppets of the moment, taken out of their box and put back into their box at the random will of this good person or that. It should be vested either in the hands of the Lord Chamberlain, who licenses

theatres, or of the magistrates, who license public-houses. In either case we should have a responsible official representative of the law, and we should have a legal administration of justice; not, as in the case before us, the irresponsible blundering of a caprice of conscience.

For this action of the County Council, there is no doubt, was a concession to that spirit of Puritanism which is making itself felt in so many directions. There is a certain kind of Puritanism which every honest man is bound to respect, however little he may agree with its premises or its conclusions. But this really genuine thing, this deep-seated religious scruple, with the cheerful asceticism which is of its very essence, has no sort of connexion with this "vigilant" inquisition of the militant apostles of purity, who would physically thrust upon us their own particular notions of morality. Well meaning as these persons may be admitted to be, their good intentions are so little according to knowledge, so abnormal, alike in origin and expression, as to be mischievous even to their own cause. How mischievous they can be, when successfully carried out, to the safety, the health, the art, and the morals of a nation, has been proved over and over again. But let us confine ourselves, for the moment, merely to the question of the Empire promenade. Does any one really think that by closing, not the Empire alone, but every music-hall in London, there will be a single virtuous man the more? Is not human nature human nature, and are not the streets the streets, and is not Piccadilly as convenient a rendezvous as the Empire? Mrs. CHANT assures us that she means to abolish prostitution. But, supposing that could be done, what then? Would virtue be thereby increased, or would sexual purity tend to disappear, as Mr. LECKY, we believe, has contended. Nature, being no Puritan, has so arranged matters that there is a much larger proportion of women in the world than of men, and that in the normal man and woman there are certain instincts which demand satisfaction, and which, if merely restrained and fettered by law, are certain by some means or other to find that satisfaction. The vice of such a crusade as that captained by Mrs. CHANT is that a commendable desire to extirpate immorality is not reinforced by the knowledge of the conditions of the problem; and that the immediate and obvious external effect of repressive legislation is taken for that permanent improvement which can be obtained only by influencing men and women to desire and aim at the elimination of animality and the development of the fair humanities that make life really worth living.

COLOUR IN ARCHITECTURE.

SINCE Mr. Haweis's proposal for washing St. Paul's Cathedral appeared in the *Times*, a proposal characteristic alike of his tastes and methods in dealing with matters of Fine Art, some excellent reasons of a practical kind have been brought forward, by competent judges of such matters, why the suggestion was one, by all means, to be avoided; but, apart from any technical considerations, the proposal involves an important principle of architectural art, about which something yet remains to be said. Mr. Haweis is vastly exercised about what he takes to be "the disgraceful and disgusting condition of St. Paul's Cathedral outside." "At least half of it," he writes, "is one caked black mass of filth, beneath which all Wren's floral festoons and elaborate Renaissance decoration has disappeared. The upper half, out of shot of the filth-wave, is better, but the ornamentation there is out of eye-shot." His remedy, as he naively tells us, is simple. "Let the architect in charge and the head fireman of London be under orders to lay their heads together. At 4 o'clock on some summer morn, when all the mighty heart of the City is lying still, have round the fire-engines, charge them with

a stiff soda-and-water solution, or only pure water, and pump! I venture to say that even a couple of mornings' work would create a transformation scene. The news would spread throughout England that St. Paul's, which had not been seen for more than 100 years, was at last visible." We do not expect Mr. Haweis to perceive the beauties of St. Paul's; but we did look for a better sense in him of what is necessary to constitute good burlesque. The buffoonery about the architect and the fire-engines is unworthy of his reputation; he has done some better things that way.

It has been urged that there are buildings in London, and a City Hall is named among them, which are periodically washed with advantage. With some advantage to cleanliness, it may be; but is cleanliness, after all, the chief consideration in the matter? Surely the soot and dirt do not accumulate on the outside of a building like St. Paul's in such quantities as to be deleterious to the public health? Moreover, it has been demonstrated to us by good authorities that this coating of soot does much to protect the surface of the stone from the action of the atmosphere. But, however this may be, there remains a yet more important consideration involved in the issue. During the last week, any one passing along the Strand may have seen the exterior of a well-known place of amusement, a costly, though somewhat pretentious, building of stone, ornamented with marble pilasters, undergoing a thorough process of washing. This building, now that it has been washed, is merely clean; before it was washed, it was merely dirty. But to speak of St. Paul's Cathedral, as Mr. Haweis speaks of it, as merely dirty, "veneered with mud," is to confess one's inability to perceive the astonishing colour with which it is everywhere touched; colour which time alone can give to a building, and which, in the case of St. Paul's, is as rare in its own way as the colour, for instance, of the cathedral buildings at Pisa.

In order to obtain this colour in architecture, everything depends, in the first instance, upon the taste and knowledge with which the architect makes choice of his materials, whether stone, marble, or brick. Yet these furnish but the crude pigments, so to speak, with which Time and Nature are to work. If these materials are properly chosen, then, in the course of centuries, we have that colour in architecture which is one of the glories of St. Paul's, as it is one of the glories of Pisa; and which, like the *patina* upon a fine bronze, or the weather-marks upon painted glass, becomes one of the several intrinsic qualities of beauty in such works of art. The building in the Strand failed, as a piece of architectural colour, because the materials, although good in themselves, were not adapted to the peculiar atmospheric conditions of the street in which they were employed. St. Paul's remains the grandest example of architectural colour in London because Wren possessed the genius to use the one building material, namely, Portland stone, which, under the bleaching winds and sooty air of London, assumes unique qualities of colour, qualities at once in harmony and contrast with the grey atmosphere of our city. Those parts of the stonework of the cathedral which have been subjected to the action of the wind have become blanched, and with so much colour, that Nathaniel Hawthorne mistook the stone for some kind of marble; but those parts of the stonework which have been protected either by the neighbouring houses below, or by the projection of some cornice, moulding, or other ornament above, have become black with soot. It is the contrast between the bleached and darkened surfaces of the building which heightens the value of both, and produces an effect of architectural colour not to be seen out of London. "Everything is fruit to me," a great philosopher has said, "which thy seasons bring, O Nature!" How well, and with what harmony, does she colour the golden marbles of Pisa, under the autumn sun; how well, indeed, and how faithfully to the characters of our city, does she employ these terrible colours of white and black here in London! In certain effects of light, when the bleached stonework of the south flank of the cathedral is seen against a leaden sky, only a little deeper in tone than that of the building itself, the effect is one of extraordinary, nay, almost unreal beauty. And who that has seen it would be surprised, were he to chance upon its description in the pages of Dante?

THE "KING'S PROCESSION" IN SEOUL
(COREA).

IT is but rarely that the King of Corea goes out of the royal palace, though rumours are occasionally spread that his Majesty has visited such and such a place in disguise. When he does go out officially the whole town of Seoul is in great agitation and confusion. Not more than once or twice a year does such a thing happen, and in the wide royal street the thatched shanties built upon it are pulled down on such grand occasions, causing a good deal of trouble and expense to the small merchants who built them. It is an acknowledged fact, however, that if the construction of these shanties is allowed, it is with the clear understanding that they shall be removed and pulled down whenever necessary—an event which often occurs at a few hours' notice. The penalty of non-compliance is beheading. The writer was astonished when passing in the neighbourhood of the royal palace early one morning at seeing the three narrow parallel streets leading to the principal gate reduced into an enormously wide one. The two middle rows of houses had been completely removed, and the ground made beautifully level and smooth. Crowds of natives had assembled all along the royal street, as well as up the main thoroughfare leading from the west to the east gate, and great excitement prevailed among the populace. Soldiers with muskets, varying from flint-locks to repeating rifles, were drawn up on each side to keep the road clear. There were others walking along with flat, long paddles, and some with round heavy sticks, on the look out for people who dared to attempt crossing the road. As generally happens on such occasions, there were some foolish people who did not know the law, and others who began defying one another to do what was forbidden, well knowing that severe blows of the paddle were administered to such offenders. Now and then, one heard howls and shouts, and the attention of the crowd was drawn to some nonsensical being running at full speed in the middle of the road or across it, pursued by the angry soldiers, who, when they caught him, began by knocking him down, and continued to beat him with their heavy sticks and paddles, until, senseless or sometimes dead, he was mercilessly thrown into one of the side drain-canals along the road.

Cavalry soldiers were to be seen in their picturesque costumes and cuirasses, with their wide-awake hats adorned by a long red tassel hanging down the shoulders, or else equipped with iron helmets and armed with flint-locks or spears.

It was a great contrast, from a picturesque point of view, to the comical imitations of European equipment exhibited by the infantry. One peculiarity of these cavalymen was their instability in the saddle. Each cavalier had a *mapu* (groom) to guide the horse, and a man by his side to see that he did not fall off the saddle, so that each had two men to look after him. It must be curious to see a charge of such cavalry in time of war.

In olden days it was forbidden to any one to look down upon the King from a window higher than the palanquins, but now the rule is not strictly observed, though, as it was, nearly all the higher windows were closed and sealed by the more loyal people. The procession was generally witnessed from the streets. It was headed by several hundred soldiers marching without a semblance of order and followed by cuirassed cavalry mounted on microscopic ponies. Then followed two rows of men in white, wearing the student's cap which was their distinctive badge when going to their examinations, and between them, perched on high white saddles, rode the generals and high ministers supported by their numberless servants. Narrow white banners were carried by their attendants, and a dragon-flag of large dimensions towered among them. Amid a quite sepulchral silence the procession moved on, and then came a huge white palanquin propped on two long heavy beams and carried by hundreds of men.

When the Court was not in mourning, the horses of generals, high officials, and eunuchs bore beautiful saddles embroidered in red and blue; the ponies led by hand immediately in front of the King's palanquin were similarly decked out.

Curiously enough, when the first royal palanquin had gone past, the procession repeated itself almost in its minutest details, and another palanquin of the exact shape of the first and also supported by hundreds of attendants

advanced in front of us. The writer inquired of a neighbour, "In which palanquin is the King?" "No one knows, except his intimate friends at Court," was the answer. "In case of an attempt upon his life he may thus be fortunate enough to escape." The attempt would not be an easy matter except with a gun or a bomb, for the King's sedan is raised so high above the ground that it would be impossible for any one to reach it with his hand, and it is besides surrounded by a numerous escort.

The sedans were constructed in the style of a square garden-tent with a pavilion roof, the front side being open. The King—somebody closely resembling him is selected for his double—sits on a sort of throne erected inside.

On another occasion when the writer saw a similar procession of the King going to visit the tomb of the Queen-Dowager, the two palanquins were much smaller, and were fast-closed; there were windows with thick split-bamboo blinds on both sides of each palanquin. The palanquins were covered with lovely white leopard skins outside, and were rich in appearance, without being lacking in taste. When the King's procession returned to the palace after dark, the beauty and weirdness of the sight were increased tenfold. Huge reed-torches, previously planted in the ground at intervals along the way, were kindled as the procession advanced, and each soldier carried a long gauze lantern fastened to a stick, while the palanquins were surrounded with a galaxy of white lights that were attached to high poles. A deep sigh arose from thousands of lungs when the King was deposited at his door. This sigh was not intended to signify their relief at being rid of him; it was meant to show that the King was such a great personage that many hundreds of men had undergone great fatigue in carrying him. Propped up by his highest ministers, who held him under the arms, he entered his apartments, while the lights were quickly put out, and most of the crowd retired to their homes. Only on such occasions are the men allowed out at night; the law at other times confines them to their houses.

A LOST MASTERPIECE.

WHAT is the use of crying over spilt milk? There is absolutely no use in the world, and—there is every use. The good liquor, a moment since within our hands, at least within our reach, is gone—gone irretrievably. Well, let us lay the accident to heart, and take better heed another time.

We may be forgiven this trite reflection, for it is so singularly in point at the moment. But a few days ago and one of the greatest pictures of one of the greatest artists the world has seen was for sale here in London. We are the richest people on earth, we tell one another. Certainly nowadays we talk a good deal about art, and are busy over theories for its advancement. Then, when a kindly Providence gives us the opportunity of possessing ourselves of a unique masterpiece, we suffer Germany to come in over our heads and carry it off! Here is the melancholy incident for our repentant consideration.

In the zenith of his power Rembrandt painted the portrait of Renier Anslöo, or Anslö, seated at a table in the act of talking with a lady. Who the lady is the critics are still discussing with one another. This one tells us it is Anslö's wife; this one that it is Anslö's mother; while a third assures us it is some unknown "young widow." The latest theory certainly strikes one as a little rash in importing the word young; for, though young is a relative term, the lady in question seems undeniably on the wrong side of fifty, and we are all of us agreed that youth, alas! is over by then. However, let this pass. From an artistic point of view, it matters not the value of a splash of paint who the lady is. The picture is confessedly one of Rembrandt's finest works, to be ranked, perhaps, only after those two famous paintings at Amsterdam—"The Night Watch" and "The Syndics of the Cloth Hall." If we have fine examples of the master in the National Gallery, we have none so important as this one; and here it was, so to say, to our hand, not exactly for the asking, but for a price, if we could have afforded it. The Germans found they could afford it, paid the money down, and carried their treasure off to Berlin. The price, indeed, is still kept a secret; but, whatever it was, no one seriously supposes that England could not have paid the cheque more

easily than Germany could. Nor can we console ourselves with the reflection, which we see in some quarters has been made, that England never had a chance. We are speaking not without some grounds when we assert that the authorities were, at all events, approached on the matter. But even supposing this approach was not very urgent—nay, even supposing we are mistaken in saying it was made at all—who doubts but that the picture might have been ours had we been alert and determined to have it?

The question is, Who is to be blamed? There have been indignant paragraphs and letters flying about, as pointed in their blame as they are touching in their lamentation. Lord Ashburnham need not have been in such a hurry to sell, says one; Mr. Poynter and the National Gallery Trustees ought to have made more serious efforts, says another; why wasn't pressure brought to bear on the Treasury? cries a third; or an appeal made to some of our native millionaires to club together and save us from this national discredit? It is easy to understand, to sympathize with, these various objurgations and suggestions; but the portentous thing is, that the public at large, yes, even the educated public, we are afraid, are for the most part unmoved over the matter. And there lies the difficulty. It is no use finding fault with Mr. Poynter for not making serious efforts to buy a thing, when he knows, make what efforts he may, he cannot come within reach of the price it is going at by some thousands. Sir William Harcourt, again, it is likely, would find himself in a hardly less distressing position; for though, as we have said, the actual price demanded for this Rembrandt remains a secret, one may hazard a shrewd guess that it ran heavily into five figures. It is true that some years ago the Government ventured on a desperate step, and paid the Duke of Marlborough 70,000*l.* for his Raphael. There was not a little ominous muttering over that at the time, which had to be silenced by assuring us that the occasion was quite an exceptional one, that in return for being given this treat the National Gallery should be docked in its income for some years to come, and, in a word, that if we would but hold our tongues for once, such an extravagance should not again occur. On the one hand are the men of sinews and blood who rightly enough will not grudge a million or two on our ironclads, but to whom fifteen or twenty thousand spent on a picture seems outrageous fooling. On the other hand are our friends the "Progressives," intent—they assure us—on things more fundamentally necessary to the readjustment and edification of the commonwealth than extravagant works of art. So that with these two strenuous classes ready to fly at them, and the great mass of us uninterested and inert, the Government, no doubt, is in a difficulty in such a matter as the present. The problem therefore is, what can be done to arouse and educate public opinion; to make us see that the fine arts are not a dispensable luxury for the commonwealth, but something indispensable to its proper development and happiness; and that, for this end, to keep the treasures we have already got secure in the country, or to obtain fresh ones, we must be ready on occasion cheerfully to pay down good round sums? In England, at all events, the Government will not be at this sort of expenditure, unless it feels behind it a sanctioning public opinion; and it is not a vague sentiment about the general desirableness of art that we require to give this sanction, but a reasonable understanding and steady conviction that art we must have. The National Gallery has up to the present time held this enviable distinction, that its collection has been the finest in the world, regarded as a representative collection. "Our Gallery cannot compete with your English one," wrote Dr. Bode, in an article on "The Berlin Renaissance Museum," in the October number of the *Fortnightly* for 1891; "when we come into competition for important works we are almost always obliged to retire modestly." To day, just three years after this gratifying testimony to our excellence, Berlin does come into competition with us over a work of the most singular importance; but, instead of being compelled into a modest retirement, it carries the thing off under our noses, without our being able so much as to come even to the point of a bid. The fact is an ominous one, or we should not be calling attention to it with such emphasis. This picture of Renier Anso and his wife was not simply a fine picture, but it was one of the greatest pictures of one of the greatest of artists. When Mr. Brooke, in his letter to the *Times* the other day, called Rembrandt "a man who has never been equalled in depth of imagination or power of execu-

tion," he spoke, no doubt, somewhat excitedly and imprudently; for at once one thinks, say, of Michelangelo, of Velasquez, and there is Mr. Brooke's criticism fallen to pieces. But no competent man questions but that Rembrandt is among the very few supreme masters of the world; and to have had the chance of securing for our national collection one of his acknowledged masterpieces—to have had the chance, and to have let it slip—makes every lover of the arts gnash his teeth.

WOODCOCK SHOOTING.

I.

NOVEMBER is with us again, bringing a last and loveliest display of colour to the fading leafage of the woods. A fiery red carpet covers the ground under the bare beech-trees. The deep green of the oak coppice is yielding to the hues of golden bronze and red-brown which spread like a conflagration eating its way through the canopy of leaves. The soft green mists of the larch plantings on the hillsides have mellowed to a golden brown, like clouds through which the sunrays are slowly filtering. November, which fans into life this last flare-up of the autumn's dying fire among the woodlands, brings also from their distant fastnesses in the lonely Scandinavian forests their most valued visitors to our English coverts. The beater's cry "Mark cock!" is heard once more in the land.

There is a good deal to be said, it must be admitted, against the huge battues which have been for some time the fashion among the English aristocracy. The battue is, indeed, a survival of the past rather than a modern invention. It is a survival of the primitive lust of slaughter, which in the interior of Africa still impels the natives to surround and drive to their death the wild game of the plains; which, sharpened by greed, has exterminated the bison of North America, and would, in a few years, if it were not checked by our Chartered Companies, leave few elephants or other big game to meet the gaze of the Cook's tourist who shall have taken his ticket on Mr. Rhodes's great railway at Cape Town for Cairo.

There is, of course, plenty of brilliant marksmanship at the battue; but woodcraft is unnecessary, and it is enough to be a Carver or a Bogardus to become the hero of a house party where the slaughter mounts to thousands, and the sum total is proudly chronicled in the appreciative columns of our daily press.

There are, however, among our sportsmen not a few for whom the exercise of woodcraft, the love of nature, the charm of active life in the open air, and a vision of the external world not wholly unseasoned by imagination, combine to make up the chief attractions of the shooting season.

For such genuine sportsmen, whose measure of the day's success is not merely the number of birds and ground game bagged, woodcock shooting possesses unique fascination. The difficulties to be overcome are themselves, as Addison perceived, an attraction. The uncertainty of the sport enhances the charm. The woodcock is not, generally speaking, like our other game birds, a resident. He pays us a visit on his way from summering in the vast forests of Sweden and Norway to winter in the mild climate of North Africa. You may find one morning that a flight of cock have arrived in a favourite covert, and when the guns visit it the next morning they are gone. Year after year—for what centuries who shall say?—the woodcock has visited us in November on his way south, and again the ensuing March has passed through on his way back to his nesting grounds in the undisturbed forests of the North. Wonderful is the imperious impulse, whether you call it instinct or inherited memory, which, at the fall of the leaf, guides the tired woodcock on his long and weary journey over the North Sea, over England and Ireland, and then, by way of France and Spain, to his winter home, and which at the coming of the spring sends him back again. Strange, too, it is that certain of our coverts are visited every year, while others, apparently no less attractive, never hold a bird.

Woodcocks, it is true, occasionally nest in our larger coverts, but the vast majority are migrants. They travel by night, and when there is clear moonlight in November one may sometimes see a long string of these birds travelling swiftly and silently through the frosty air. Woodcocks, when they arrive, are generally exhausted by their long journey over the sea, baffled and blown back often by un-

favourable winds, and they are also pulled down by their long fast. A few days in a favourite covert and they are fat and strong again; for woodcocks, *pace* Byron, do not live upon suction, but on worms and such succulent fare, for which they search soft ground with their long bills, being blessed with quick digestions and ravenous appetite. They feed as well as travel by night, preferring a clear night for both purposes.

In England the comparative rarity of the woodcock, the shortness of his stay, and the difficulty of hitting him, makes him the most coveted of gamebirds. In a thick wood this difficulty is undeniable. If the sportsman walks him up the cock will put a tree between him and the gun before it reaches the shoulder. If the beaters send him across a drive overhead, his swiftness, added to his erratic flight, will enable him to give a very quick and difficult shot. When flushed on the moors in open weather, or from a streamlet or spring in frost, he is comparatively easy to hit; but even then he is deceptive, appearing to move slowly and very much like a brown owl, yet really getting up steam at once to much more than railroad speed. When flushed he will often not fly far—pursuing tactics of his own, starting off at a great pace, and doubling and dropping back again into the wood or behind some hedgerow when every one thinks he has gone straight away.

Though excellent bags of cock are made in some English coverts, particularly in the Eastern Counties, the best cock shooting in our islands is undoubtedly to be found in Ireland, and strange to say in the West. Whether it be that the birds are carried so far by violent gales, or, as seems much more probable, that the West of Ireland is from time immemorial their favourite resting-place on their journey to the South, this is certain, that woodcock shooting in Mayo, in Kerry, and Cork is not easy to surpass out of Albania. In Mayo 175 couple in a week's shooting have been obtained by six guns, while five guns in ten days have accounted for 420 couple in Kerry. These are the best bags recently recorded. In the great frost of January 1881 the whole West coast of Ireland was alive with cock. Not only every wood, but every furze bush, held its birds, and peasant sportsmen, with their old muzzle-loaders, killed them by thousands, while the local dealers sent them to the English markets. Of course this was an exceptional season; but the bags of cock obtained in the most noted coverts, and above all the records kept by local dealers of the numbers bought by them in each winter, give to Ireland, over England, and even over Scotland, an easy superiority.

It is not, however, on the number of birds obtained that the charm of woodcock shooting depends, but rather on its admitted difficulty and uncertainty, and on the surroundings in which it is to be enjoyed. A bag of five or six couple will give as much exertion and pleasure to a true sportsman as a bag of ten times the number. Memories of many a November day, when the bag was not heavy, but the enjoyment was keen, will crowd up in the mind of the veteran at the magic name of the best of game birds. Vividly, as if it had been seen only yesterday, will rise the familiar beauty of the autumn woods, and the lungs will once more draw in the exhilarating air of the hillside.

Take a day's shooting in the West of England, where three or four couple of cock is very fair work, and for this the guns must tramp all day through scattered coverts that cling to the steep hillsides, and thread their way among the brakes of gorse that adjoin them.

It is a still morning. The keeper has just come in to say that his son had flushed a couple of cock from the border of a favourite covert, and that he believes a flight is in. There is no time to get up a shooting party, and, besides, the result of the beat is quite uncertain. An ardent but youthful sportsman, the son of the rector of the parish, is invited, and an early start is made. The white mists from the uplands hide the sky and scarf with trailing white the woods that fledge the steepness of the combe, down which an amber trout stream murmurs swelled by the rain-fed runnels of many a long hillside. Gradually a luminous spot stains with deepening gold the greyness of the soft expanse of cloud—the light deepens—the white mists dissolve like snowflakes on a stream, and the November sun looks down on the dripping woodlands, where leaf and twig and branch gleam diamonded with iridescent water-drops. The satin birch-stems answer the sunlight with a silver sheen, and the mist has gathered like seed-pearl on grey spider webs, and in the gold of faded bracken fronds.

The guns enter the wood, and the first undergrowth of

yellowing fern and crimsoning bramble holds a cock. A lucky snapshot stops the swift brown bird in the midst of a sharp upward curve between the oak branches. Then a rustle in the bracken and a flash of grey fur, and a rabbit is out of sight before a gun can be raised. No more birds are seen, till from a dense brown beech hedge at the further side of the cover up rattles an old cock pheasant from under the feet of a beater, to be knocked over immediately, but he comes down a runner, and keen and close is the pursuit before he is transferred to the game-bag. Walking down by a ditch where there is good cover on the way to the next planting, the sportsmen flush a cock, who rises after they are past, and goes away untouched from four barrels fired, certainly at a very long range. The next chance comes from a deep coppice of rhododendron, and a large and heavy longbill, which the light colour of the plumage shows to be a female, drops to a charge of No. 7 shot. A plantation of Scotch firs holds a couple of birds; but, rising wild and glancing in and out of the labyrinth of tall red columns, close ranged under the metallic-green roof of fir-needles, the woodcocks never give a chance to the guns. The next wood, like much of what has already been beaten, is situated on the steep side of a combe or valley, where the slipping down of patches of the surface exposes the red rock which outcrops in a rude natural wall half overgrown with dark-leaved ivy. It is very difficult to keep one's footing here, where the trees seem with difficulty to find foothold, and it is fortunate for the guns that no cock are flushed from the scanty underwood. A brake of furze between two plantations, through which a little stream comes down, making a patch of wet and rushy ground round it, holds a couple of birds, and both are dropped at very short range, thanks to No. 8 shot in the right barrel. And so the day wears on, and the sportsmen set their faces for home. Though only four beaters could be got together at such short notice, they have done their work much better than spaniels, having taken care to beat always within shot, it being easy for the guns to direct them as they walk in line. The bag is not a large one, but the squire is satisfied, and his young friend proudly feels that he has added inches to his stature in consequence and position; for has he not killed three couple of cock out of the five secured, not to speak of the old cock pheasant which fell to his gun, though the fact that the bird was a runner is conveniently forgotten? His is a healthy ideal, for to be given over to the birds of the air and the beasts of the field certainly conveys to the average Englishman's mind no feeling of misfortune or loss.

THE "CYCLIC" DELUSION.

NOTHING is more deeply impressed upon the human mind than the persuasion of a well-nigh universal cyclic quality in things, of an inevitable disposition to recur in the long run to a former phase. In great things and in small we see it; we are, indeed, like men in a workshop full of whirling machinery, who, wherever they turn, see a wheel, until at last this rotation is so dinned into the texture of our minds that the whole world spins. Every moment the heart goes through its cycle from dilatation to contraction and so back to dilatation; for every four heart-beats the lungs expand and contract; then hunger comes, is satisfied, recurs; the sun rises and sets, and sleep follows activity. Other bodily functions run in longer periods, as the moon changes from new to full and from full to new, and spring-tide follows neap; in still larger circles spins the succession of seed-time and harvest. Yet larger again is the circle of the lifetime from birth to begetting, and so again to birth. The planetary cycles accomplish themselves in still longer periods, and, greatest and slowest of all, the pole of the earth completes its gigantic precessional revolution through the constellations.

It is scarcely wonderful if the human mind is inclined to look for, and ready to discover, the circle—the recurrence—in everything it deals with. A few years ago that happily departed phrase, "the inevitable reaction," was alive to witness to the facility of this persuasion. We find it in history, in poetry, in mathematics. A straight line is an arc of a circle of infinite radius, says the mathematician; and a ring is the world-wide symbol of eternity. This idea lies implicitly at the base of countless scientific researches and theories. Numerous investigators are looking for a weather cycle, and a sun-spot cycle wobbles restlessly in the

hands of its discoverer. Then Professor Chandler has, with infinite pains, disentangled a Chandlerian cycle of variation in latitude. In geological literature the idea that Glacial periods have occurred time after time is constantly cropping up, in spite of the absence of any satisfactory corroboration. It is one of the commonest employments of the modern astronomer to discover pairs of stars revolving round one another. And both the meteoric and the nebular hypotheses—really theories of the material universe—are cyclic theories, in which cold dark bodies, moving through space, collide, are rendered gaseous and incandescent by the heat of the collision, and slowly revert by radiation to the cold dark condition again.

A remarkable instance of the power of this predisposition towards the cyclic view of things is the case of the double star in the Swan, known to astronomers as 61 Cygni. Mr. Mann and Dr. Peters separately observed this star, and calculated the orbits of its constituents! Their calculations were entirely fallacious, as subsequent inquiry showed. Then Professor Newcomb suggested the constituents revolved round a common centre, but sufficient reasons, too complex to treat with here, have been adduced to rebut this suggestion. The attitude of the astronomical mind at present might be expressed by the question, "Then what do they revolve round?" The recent work of Dr. Wilsing shows only that the two constituents approach and recede in a spasmodic fashion. Yet, in a recent article by that well-known astronomer Miss Clerke, discussing this work of his, the cyclic nature of these movements is still tacitly in evidence.

Now, it is a curious and suggestive speculation to investigate the sources of this cyclic predisposition. In the end one is surprised by the narrowness of the base upon which this extraordinary conception has arisen. In the first place, the planetary motions, the lunar phases, the tides, the alternation of day and night, and the sequence of seasons, cease in the light of scientific analysis to be corroboratory evidence. For both the generally accepted theories of the origin of the solar system suppose a nebulous cloud rotating on its axis to begin with, from the central mass of which the planets were torn by centrifugal force, and sent spinning in widening orbits round the central sun, throwing off satellites as they spun; on which view these instances of cyclic recurrence are really only special aspects of one and the same case, consequences of an eddying motion in the original nebula. The periodicity of many animal functions, waking and sleep and the reproductive seasons, for instance, are very conceivably correlated with these.

And, with further examination, we discover that these apparent cycles seem cyclic only through the limitation of our observation. The tidal drag upon the planets slowly retards their rotation, so that every day is—though by an imperceptible amount—longer. "As certain as that the sun will rise" is a proverb for certainty, but one day the sun will rise for the last time, will become as motionless in the sky as the earth is now in the sky of the moon. According to Professor G. H. Darwin, the actual motion of a satellite is spiral; it recedes from its source and primary until a maximum distance is attained, and thence it draws nearer again, until it reunites at last with the central body. Moreover, the recurrence of living things is also illusory. The naturalist tells us that the egg hatches into a hen not quite like the parent hen; that if we go back along the pedigree we shall come at last to creatures not hens, but to the ancestral forms of the hen. Take only a few generations, and the cycle seems perfect enough; but, as more and more are taken, we drift further and further from the starting point—drift steadily, without any disposition to return.

Then the beating of the heart, the breathing, the rhythm of muscular motion, all the physiological sequences spring probably out of one common necessity, the impossibility—or, at least, the great inconvenience—of living tissue acting and feeding at the same time, of loading and discharging the gun simultaneously. We have activity, fatigue, and nutritive pause, activity again; for only half its beat is the heart actively working, the remaining period is a pause during which the repair of the muscular tissue occurs. It is at least a plausible speculation that the musical sequences appeal to us as they do because of the rhythmic quality of our physiological organization. And, though one heart-beat seems to follow the next truly enough, yet a time comes when the pitcher goes no longer to the well.

So it may be that this cyclic quality that is so woven into

the texture of our being, into the fundamentals of our thought, is, after all, a prejudice, the outcome of two main accidents of our existence. We live in an eddy; are, as it were, the creatures of that eddy. But the great stream of the universe flows past us and onward. Here and there is a backwater or a whirling pool, a little fretful midge of life spinning upon its axis, or a gyrating solar system. But the main course is forward, from the things that are past and done with for ever to things that are altogether new.

SIEGFRIED WAGNER'S LONDON DÉBUT.

ON Tuesday last at Queen's Hall the son of Richard Wagner appeared for the first time in England as the conductor of an orchestra. We will not say that our hopes and expectations were surpassed, for we have neither any wish to overrate Siegfried Wagner's performance nor to under-rate it; and, moreover, a definite judgment as to the young man's abilities must be postponed until such time as his experience will be more mature. But there can be no two opinions as to the fact that he possesses especial abilities for that branch of the militant musical career which he has chosen for himself. According to Berlioz, "a conductor should see and hear; he should be active and vigorous, should know the composition, and the nature and compass of the instruments, should be able to read the score, and possess . . . other almost undefinable gifts." We know not how far Mr. Wagner is acquainted with the mechanism of the various component parts of a modern orchestra—Hans Richter is the only conductor, we believe, who is sometimes said to have a practical knowledge of every instrument—but we may take it for granted that he is as well versed in the mysteries of polyphony as he needs be, for he has written a symphony the orchestration of which has met with the approval of experts.

By seeing and hearing is meant, of course, much more than the mere exercise of respective nervous centres; and there is not the least doubt that Siegfried Wagner is, musically speaking, neither deaf nor blind. Trained to *Partiturlesen* on his father's scores—an art in itself—it is patent that the reading of a score is child's play to him; activity and vigour he possesses in a degree quite sufficient for his present work; and now we come to those "undefinable gifts" without which a conductor becomes a mere time-beater. Let us mention, *en passant*, that Berlioz has forgotten, in his treatise on the art of conducting, that most precious quality for a leader of masses, a good memory—*une mémoire bien meublée*. No first-rate conductor is imaginable without that; and in the possession of a unique memory Hans Richter has an advantage over his colleagues. But to resume. Since certain gifts are "undefinable," we will not try to define them, limiting ourselves to registering the special qualifications which Siegfried Wagner seems to us to possess. In the first instance, there is clear evidence that he has taste and a keen sense of symmetry in the gradation of effects; he understands the musical accents admirably, and he knows well how to give the necessary rilievo to certain combinations of sonorities—all this became patent during his conducting of Liszt's tricky "Mephisto Walzer." In the "Siegfried Idyll" and "Les Préludes" it became evident that young Wagner has *la note poétique*, whilst the Overture to the *Flying Dutchman*—the best performed piece of the evening and after Mottl's tradition—and the closing scene of the *Götterdämmerung* went to prove that he is quite equal to the purely physical effort of moving large masses of performers. In the "Vorspiel und Liebestod" from *Tristan und Isolde* one lacked somehow that strange feeling of awe and of sad grandeur one is accustomed to experience when listening to the marvellous page under another bâton. The programme, though figuring as that of a "Grand Wagner Concert," contained two pieces by Liszt, "Les Préludes" and "Mephisto Walzer." Both compositions contain much interesting stuff for the orchestra; but it may be said of these, as of all Liszt's orchestral works, that you have to pay for every moment of pleasure with quarter of an hour of tedium. There is some compensation for the *mauvais quarts-d'heure* in "Les Préludes," but the emptiness of the "Mephisto Walzer" is unredeemed. The piece has been evidently written under a strong influence of *Tristan und Isolde*—*teste* the obstinate

recurrence of one of the personal themes of *Tristan*. Though both works were published at the same time almost, *Tristan* was written eight years before the "Mephisto Walzer"; and the whole thing may be compared, in point of facture, to the *Rue Lafayette*, which begins so beautifully at the Opéra, only to finish *en queue de poisson* at the Gare du Nord. The piece served, however, to display to advantage the steadiness of the rhythm of Siegfried Wagner's *bâton* in the very uncomfortable syncopated parts of the middle episode. Excellent effects were obtained in the Overture to the *Flying Dutchman*, and we were pleased to see the cymbals treated as an independent instrument, instead of being attached, for economy's sake, to the big drum. Altogether, Mr. Schulz Curtius, to whose initiative we owe the fine series of these Wagner concerts, deserves great praise for the tact he has displayed in selecting his orchestra, and introducing at last the quintette of tubas into its composition.

The closing scene of the *Götterdämmerung*, which was also the closing item of the programme, is hardly fitted for a concert platform performance. The scene loses its poetical significance, and is as often as not marred by the introduction of a vocalist. Such was the case, we grieve to say, on the occasion under consideration; for, however charming Miss Marie Brema may be at Bayreuth in parts that suit her, she gives little satisfaction in London when the task assumed is somewhat beyond her means. At least, this is our opinion, though there were not a few critics who asserted that she had never sung better.

The orchestra was, on the whole, in excellent condition, though the violas and second violins were sometimes not quite in tune, and the tone of the first flute left room for improvement. To sum up, given that this was probably the first time that Siegfried Wagner has conducted an orchestral body of 102 performers, in a hall whose acoustic properties were not known to him—in other words, making due allowances for such shortcomings as result from a lack of experience, quite pardonable and natural—we are pleased to recognize in the son of Richard Wagner one who is not unworthy of wearing the great name he has inherited, and of whom higher achievements may be expected.

JOHN-A-DREAMS AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

"TO-DAY the cry is for romance, and already the leaves are tremulous in the valley, and on the purple hill-tops walks beauty with slim gilded feet." At last we have the romantic play that London has long been looking for, and which it now feels it has found. Always the work of Mr. Haddon Chambers has been deeply tinged with romance. But never before has he expressed, with such enthralling reality, a subject of such convincing charm. *John-a-Dreams* is a story of love from beginning to end. That most interesting problem, the effect of love on friendship, the result of rivalry and passion on two men united by deep affection, is a theme that never grows old, though it has always existed; it is, indeed, as old and as new as spring-time and autumn; it is of eternal freshness. In point of construction the play (though not Aristotelian) is quite admirable. Without a moment's tedium the story is brought to its inevitable climax, its logical conclusion. The scene takes place on a yacht. A beautiful singer, Kate Cloud (Mrs. Patrick Campbell), has utterly bewitched Sir Hubert Garlinge (Mr. Charles Cartwright) and Harold Wynne (Mr. Beerbohm Tree), who have vowed, as young men will at Oxford, eternal friendship.

Harold is a dreamer who makes for himself those wonderful *paradis artificiels* whose secret is only known to the absorbers of opium. Searching, with the ideality of a poet, for that unknown happiness, that remote joy of which life has not the giving, Harold finds in this luxury at once his desire and his delight, his punishment and his solace, his bondage and his freedom. In contrast to him Hubert Garlinge is a somewhat blatant and brutal barbarian, who loves Kate Cloud with a devotion denuded of poetry. How Harold's interesting weakness renders him at times irresponsible, indifferent, almost insensible, and nearly costs him his idol, can be clearly understood only by seeing this deeply interesting play.

To overpraise the artists would be difficult. Mrs. Patrick

Campbell showed powers unsuspected and unrevealed in her performance in Mr. Pinero's play. In a certain scene, when the recollection of a painful past is supposed to give a morbid touch to her reveries, and to produce in her a rapid rebellion, a sudden revolt against the expediency of silence, her confession to the father of the man she loves is quite beautiful, her voice having a singular enchantment. Mrs. Campbell knows the meaning of refinement and reticence; she is graceful, and, though a dark beauty, has something of the languor of a gentle blonde. In fact, she is simply the antithesis of the vivacious Mrs. Tanqueray. But she has fire enough and passion, and the magnetism that holds an audience.

For years the critics have tried to persuade us that Mr. Tree is not at his best in romantic parts. He was never a more admirable artist than as the opium-drinking poet. He is an ideal *jeune premier*, just as Mrs. Campbell, in this "sympathetic" rôle, is a thing of beauty and fascination.

Mr. Nutcombe Gould is excellent as the clergyman. Miss Janet Steer and Mr. Maurice are most amusing in delightful comedy—not the tedious "comic relief" of which we are all so weary.

By an enthusiastic audience the play was received with evident favour. It is by far the best work Mr. Haddon Chambers has ever done. It comes like a whiff of fresh sea-air, after the wearisome so-called problem plays and the impossibly tiresome domestic drama produced of late. It may not—and we trust it does not—send us away "better and purer men and women." But, tired of the commonplace, the beaten track, we have perhaps been tempted of late to praise the bizarre, the extravagant, the merely horrible. After seeing *John-a-Dreams* we feel simply that we have lived an hour or two in that most beautiful of worlds where we forget for the moment all prosaic realities—the world of the imagination.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE WAR DEMAND FOR GOLD.

THE revival of political apprehension all over Europe has caused a demand throughout the Continent for gold, which is clearly the result of the determination of the great military Governments to increase their war chests. During the seven days ending with Wednesday of last week there were, in round figures, three-quarters of a million sterling withdrawn from the Bank of England, mainly for the Continent; and this week the withdrawals have been on a larger scale still, though the receipts partially conceal the fact. On one day alone as much as 359,000*l.* was taken out of the Bank, a large part of which was for France. The usual explanation given, both in Paris and in the City, of this extraordinary French demand, is that it is difficult for speculators on the Bourse to obtain accommodation—the Settlement, it may be noted, began on the 1st of the month—that rates in consequence are much higher in Paris than in London, and that accordingly gold is crossing the Channel. But we would remind the reader that the Bank of France, according to its return last week, then held over 76 millions sterling in gold. It held roughly 50 millions sterling more in silver, which, being legal tender in France, is a good reserve for issuing notes. Consequently the note issues of the Bank of France exceeded 141 millions sterling. It is perfectly obvious that if such immense sums were at the disposal of trade, rates could not be very high in Paris, if we bear in mind that speculation has been greatly checked and that trade is depressed. The truth is that a very large part of the gold held by the Bank of France is a war treasure. How much is set apart for this purpose no one not in the confidence of the Government and the Governor of the Bank of France can say definitely. As we have already pointed out, the Bank of France holds, in round figures, 50 millions sterling in silver, silver being valued at the old mint relation of 15½ to 1. But as a matter of fact silver is worth less than half as much. In other words, the silver held by the Bank of France is rated at 50 millions sterling; according to the market value of silver all over the world, it is not worth quite 25 millions sterling. And the silver is locked up in the Bank for the express purpose of making silver, legal-tender pieces scarce throughout the Latin Union and so giving them a monopoly

value. There is, of course, a very large amount of silver in circulation in France and the other nations of the Latin Union, and practically the Bank of France has to endeavour to keep all this mass of silver—generally estimated at about 160 millions sterling nominal—at the legal par. The Bank of France can do this only by keeping a large amount of gold; and how much of the 76 millions sterling of the latter metal is really held as a reserve to give an artificial value to silver nobody can say. Further, the Bank of France of course has to hold a large gold reserve to give currency to its notes. But over and above all this it is not disputed that an indefinite but large amount of the gold held constitutes a real war treasure not to be drawn upon until military operations have begun or are imminent. There has been likewise, for several weeks past, a demand for gold for Germany. The Imperial Bank of Germany holds about 37 millions sterling in gold, which would be more than enough, if it were a mere banking reserve, in the present depressed state of trade. But a large part of the sum is really a war treasure, and the German Government desires that treasure to be increased. Both Austria and Hungary are preparing to resume specie payments in gold, and for some years past they have been taking gold wherever it could be found for that purpose. The world at large insists in believing that all the preparations are with a view to war. Whether that be so or not, both Austria and Hungary have accumulated large amounts of gold, and are still adding to their hoards. According to a statement published by the Russian Finance Minister a couple of weeks ago, the Russian Government holds in the Treasury, in the Imperial Bank of Russia, and with its agents abroad, rather more than 100 millions sterling in gold. But the gold is not in circulation, and no one can obtain it except by an act of grace of the Finance Minister. The gold is as much out of the reach of trade as if it were still in the mines. It is, therefore, a war treasure. Immense as is its amount, the Russian Government is adding to it in every way it can. According to good authorities, the war treasures of all the Governments amount to something between 150 and 200 millions sterling. And yet the Governments are not satisfied; they take every opportunity of increasing their store. At first sight this statement seems to be contradicted by the high prices of the bonds of all the great Governments, and more particularly of the Russian Government, and by the comparative unconcern with which the trading classes see this constant absorption of gold by the military Governments—an absorption that has now been going on for very many years. The trading classes, however, have by this time become accustomed to war preparations of every kind. It is impossible for people always to live in a state of panic, and so trade goes on, men hoping that somehow or other hostilities will be avoided. As for the high prices of securities, they are partly due to the difficulties investors have in finding what they consider really sound investments, and partly they are due to the action of the Governments themselves in employing large sums in the markets to keep up their bonds. It is notorious, for example, that the French Minister of Finance habitually employs large sums in supporting the market for Rentes, and it is equally notorious that the Russian Government supports the market for its own securities. Only the other day the Russian Government warned all bankers and brokers throughout the Empire not to do anything that would in any way lower the price of the rouble; and in Paris it is commonly stated that the Russian Government holds nearly 15 millions sterling in gold, and that it always buys its own bonds whenever the market shows weakness. The feeling of the trading classes, and the high prices of Government bonds, then, do not contradict what has been said as to the additions constantly made to the vast war treasures.

There is no change in the money market. During the week which ended on Wednesday night the net withdrawals of gold from the Bank of England amounted to 657,000*l*. The gross withdrawals were much larger, but there were considerable receipts from abroad.

On Wednesday the India Council, as usual, offered for tender 40 lakhs of rupees, but sold only about 33½ lakhs at 1*s*. 13½*d*. per rupee. The bulk of the applications were at lower prices, but were refused. Subsequently, the Council sold by private contract one lakh. The silver market is dull, the price fluctuating between 29*d*. and 29½*d*. per oz.

The list of applications for the Chinese Seven per Cent. Silver loan was closed at 11 o'clock on Wednesday. The whole amount, it is said, has been subscribed in this country, and there were considerable applications from the Continent besides. There are rumours already that a gold loan for about a million and three-quarters sterling is contemplated; and it is expected that whenever peace is concluded China will have to pay a large war indemnity, and for that purpose will have to borrow. The applications, therefore, for the silver loan were not as numerous as had been anticipated, the best classes of investors waiting for the expected gold loans. It is reported in the City, indeed, that the subscriptions were almost entirely from persons connected with the issuing house—the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank—and with a broking firm of which Mr. Panmure Gordon is chief, which was employed to secure the underwriting.

There is a much better feeling upon the Stock Exchange this week, to which various causes have contributed. First among these is the steadiness of the Paris Bourse. It was very generally feared that when the Czar's death was announced investors in France would become alarmed, and would sell Russian securities very largely. The market for the securities, however, was well supported by the Russian Government, and the great Paris banks interested with it, and thus investors were reassured. The Manifesto issued by the new Czar has likewise been very well received in the City as well as upon the Continent; and the application of the Chinese Government to the Western Powers for mediation inspires the hope that the war in the Far East will now come to an end very soon. Furthermore, the Republican victory in the United States elections is welcomed here as well as at home. The argument is that, while the Republicans will have a majority in both Houses of Congress, the President can be trusted to veto any unwise legislation that may be attempted, for it is not believed that the Republican majority will be large enough to override his veto. Therefore, it is said that the Tariff Act recently passed will not be altered, at all events for two years to come, and that there will be no more tampering with the currency for that time. There will be a session of the existing Congress in December, but the general opinion is that the Democratic party is too disorganized to do anything. A dead-lock between the Administration and the Legislature is rather a strange reason for putting up prices; for, if it prevents unwise legislation, it also makes wise legislation extremely improbable, and there is great need for an early reform of the currency and of the banking system, and for an Act authorizing the Government to borrow at lower terms than, under the existing law, it can. Lastly, the Board of Trade returns for October are very satisfactory. There is an increase of nearly a million sterling, or over 5½ per cent., in the value of the exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures compared with October of last year, and there is also an increase of over 300,000*l*., or somewhat less than one per cent., in the value of the imports. It is true that there was one working day more than in October of last year, and it is also true that last year the crisis in the United States almost stopped British exports to that country. Still, the return is decidedly encouraging. The improvement in the stock markets, however, is purely speculative. The great investing public on the Continent as well as in this country is holding aloof. Though trade is somewhat better than it was at this time last year, it is still very depressed, and prices are exceedingly low; while every one recognizes that the political outlook is too serious for fresh risks to be run, especially while the war between China and Japan lasts, and until the pretensions of France in Madagascar are more clearly defined. In the United States fully one-third of the total railway mileage is in the hands of receivers, credit is bad, and the working classes are dissatisfied. Affairs are not much better in Canada, which is naturally suffering from the long crisis in the United States and the exceedingly low prices in Europe, and investors in Canadian railway securities are uneasy. Canadian Pacific stocks, for example, have been falling heavily for a considerable time past; and there is extreme dissatisfaction with the management of the Grand Trunk of Canada Company. Mr. Joseph Price, of the English Association of American Bond and Share Holders, communicated with the directors lately, stating that he represented the holders of a very considerable amount of stock who desired to have an inquiry instituted by an expert into the finances of the Company in Canada. At the meeting it was promised that the inquiry

should take place; but now it is alleged that the directors object to the instructions proposed to be given to the expert. It is to be hoped that an agreement will be arrived at, for an inquiry is much needed. The charges made against the Canadian management may be entirely unfounded. If they are, the greater is the reason for proving to investors that there is no cause for anxiety. The Mexican Government is once more asking for an advance of somewhat over 2½ millions sterling bearing 6 per cent. interest. The announcement has been badly received and Mexican stocks are all lower. It is said that about half the amount now asked for has already been advanced by the Messrs. Bleichröder, of Berlin, and allied houses in London. The City is not very much disposed to come to their assistance. If they have satisfied themselves, it is argued, that the condition of Mexico is sound, they need not be in a hurry for repayment. On the other hand, if they have any doubts respecting Mexico, the public ought not to come to their relief. The depreciation of silver, it will be recollected, very seriously affects Mexico.

The Baring liquidation is proceeding satisfactorily. The Syndicate which had obtained an option to take the Uruguay bonds held in the estate has decided to do so, and the price will be paid on the next Stock Exchange settling-day. This reduces materially the debt due to the Bank of England.

Consols closed on Thursday at 102½, a rise compared with Wednesday of the week before of ½; Indian Sterling Threes closed at 101½, a rise of ½; Canadian Three and a Half per Cents closed at 107½, a rise of 1½; and New South Wales Three and a Half closed at 101½, a rise of ½. In the Home Railway market most movements are also upwards. Thus, Caledonian Undivided Ordinary stock closed on Thursday at 124, a rise compared with Wednesday of the previous week of 1½; South-Eastern Undivided closed at 128, a rise of 2; and North-Western closed at 175½, a rise of 1. But Midland closed at 152½, a fall of 1½. In the American market there has been a very marked advance. Beginning with the purely speculative securities, which the investor should not touch, but which show the drift of the market, we find that Erie Preference shares closed on Thursday at 28, a rise compared with Wednesday of the week before of 2; and Union Pacific shares closed at 13½, also a rise of 2. Coming next to the shares of Companies which in recent years have sometimes paid dividends, and sometimes not, we find that Milwaukee shares closed at 64½, a rise of 2; and that Baltimore and Ohio closed at 69½, a rise of 2½. Passing, in the last place, to steady dividend-paying shares, we find that those of the Illinois Central closed at 93½, a rise of 1½; and that Lake Shore closed at 137½, likewise a rise of 1½. In the inter-Bourse department Russian Fours closed on Thursday at 101, a rise compared with Wednesday of last week of 1½; French Rentes closed at 102, a rise of 1; Hungarian Fours closed at 100½, also a rise of 1; Bulgarian Sixes closed at 100½, likewise a rise of 1; and Italian Fives closed at 84½, a rise of ½.

REVIEWS.

POLITICS AND LITERATURE.

SIR VICTOR BROOKE.

Sir Victor Brooke, Sportsman and Naturalist. A Memoir of his Life and Extracts from his Letters and Journals. Edited by OSCAR LESLIE STEPHEN. London: John Murray. 1894.

SIR VICTOR BROOKE has been fortunate in his editor. Mr. Oscar Leslie Stephen has wisely compressed the memoir he has written into a few pages, and so had space for ample extracts from Brooke's letters and journals, in which we have a most interesting personality revealed by himself, and that without a thought of self-revelation. A most interesting personality we say, because Sir Victor Brooke is an admirable representative of the cultivated and thoughtful modern English gentleman, devoted, nevertheless, to field sports as the chief pursuit of life. An ideal sportsman, the best qualities of the class are seen in him at their highest point of development. Fortitude, patience, daring, a splendid self-reliance which already when a boy impelled him to

scale without guide the precipices of Vaugacullen, the highest peak of the Lofodens, a love of physical exertion which lasted on into middle age—these, the distinguishing characteristics of a true sportsman, were found in Victor Brooke, combined with a kindness and tenderness of heart, a consideration for others and even for the very wild beasts he pursued which is not commonly associated with the popular conception of a great hunter. A passage from his journals will illustrate what we mean. Brooke, a young man of twenty, had wounded a tiger and insisted on tracking him by the blood and following him up on foot, and here is his own explanation:—

'This is the worst and most dangerous part of tiger-hunting. Many men leave a tiger alone after he is wounded, so desperate do they deem, and rightly too, the work of following him up. This, however, I do not consider fair. By wounding him you render him desperate, and certain death to any one going near him unarmed. Besides that, you leave the poor brute in pain, and no one with any love and admiration for what is grand could think complacently of these really noble animals being left to die in suffering, and all because the sportsman was too cautious to go and put him out of his misery.'

Brooke had learned the love of sport and woodcraft in his Irish home, Colebrooke, in the county Fermanagh, and a shooting expedition to India developed in him all the best characteristics of a great Shikarree. Physically he was well endowed by nature, being forty-five inches round the chest, as well as six feet in height. At Harrow his jumping powers were already remarkable (he got over 5 feet 6½ inches jumping for the school prize); and at a later date, when about twenty-seven, he cleared the bar at 6 feet. He was a man of great strength, able to put up with ease a dumb-bell of 120 lbs., and a good wrestler, while his performance over exceptionally stiff hurdles in a long and closely contested race, when he was eight and thirty years of age, shows how remarkably well his powers were maintained.

In India, where he had his first experiences with big game, when only nineteen years of age, he gave himself enthusiastically to tiger-shooting. It was in the Neilgherry Hills he met his first tiger—an experience vividly described in a letter to his sister. He despised the precaution of getting into a tree, and waited on his feet for the attack.

'He walked straight into the thick bushes below me, and I had the satisfaction to know in thirty seconds I would be face to face with the furious creature, and within ten yards. About the expiration of the thirty long, long seconds the nearest bush slid softly on one side, and right in front of me, about the length of the dining-room, out swaggered the magnificent creature, and came straight towards me with long powerful spongy strides.'

In the Neilgherry Hills he records excellent sport with ibex, sambur, tiger, bear, bison, and gives a most vivid description in a letter to his cousin of his first day with elephants, and of the pursuit and slaying of the monster tusker whose one unbroken tusk was 8 feet long and weighed 90 lbs.

After leaving India he married and lived on his property for some years, until his wife's health obliged him to go abroad. This brought him to Sardinia, where he had good sport with the moufflon; but it was after he had settled at Pau that he entered upon mountain sport in earnest. In the Vallée d'Arras, in the Spanish Pyrenees, he spent much of his time shooting izards, bouquetins, and bears, and his journal paints most vividly his adventures in winter expeditions in those snow-buried solitudes. Driving with dogs and men was frequently adopted, as is usual in that region, the sportsmen waiting in certain well-known passes commonly used by the wild denizens of the mountain. Brooke's account of his visit to the Holy Land is not particularly interesting, except as showing the earnest religious attitude of his mind; nor has he anything new to say about America.

Brooke's contributions to science are mainly to be found in the *Proceedings of the Zoological Society*, and although too fragmentary for publication, the mass of his work was very considerable, and showed much intelligence and industry. He died in 1891 from inflammation of the lungs, the result of exposure, and perhaps also of continual over-exertion, a comparatively young man. He was a kind and considerate landlord to the nine hundred tenants on his estate, and it was at Colebrooke that Professor Huxley, as well as Sir William Flower, became convinced, by personal examination of the facts, of the error of the policy that is identified with the name of Mr. Gladstone.

This record of the life of Sir Victor Brooke is valuable as showing that culture, humanity, and scientific research, and all that makes a chivalrous English gentleman, may flourish together with the keenest devotion to sport. What satisfaction the innate love of sport will find as our civilization develops, whether

or not the love of athletics—a very different thing—will ever supply its place, it is impossible to say; but it is certain that devotion to sport, even when it is somewhat excessive, need not deteriorate the character of a man nor seriously interfere with his usefulness as a citizen.

STERNE'S LATEST CRITIC.

The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman. By LAURENCE STERNE. With an Introduction by CHARLES WHIBLEY. 2 vols. London: Methuen. 1894.

THERE used to be two complaints rather frequently made against the editing of our classics in the days when it was the custom to entrust it to scholars; biographers and commentators were too much given to idolizing their author, and were too apt to force upon their readers that large erudition of theirs on which they set such store. Mr. Whibley, who prefaces the new edition of *Tristram Shandy* with a critical and biographical sketch of Sterne, lays himself open to no reproach on either charge. Book-knowledge such as he gives evidence of might have been acquired in a few hours' study of two small works on Sterne by Dr. Ferriar and Mr. Traill respectively, supplemented perhaps with a perusal of Thackeray's essay, and a little attention to a school-manual of literary history; and not Mr. Whibley's most virulent foe (if so kindly a writer has one) can accuse him of anything like bias in Sterne's favour. Indeed we confess that the strongest impression left on our mind after perusing his thirty pages of Introduction is that he regards Sterne mainly as an obscene and grammarless thief, and that he regards him tenderly chiefly on that account.

A good many hard things have been said about Sterne, and some of them justly enough. Mr. Whibley seems to have read these hastily, digested them imperfectly, and determined to go a bit further at all costs. He does not however appear to understand in the least Sterne's offences or merits, about which he is equally wild in his expressions and opinions. "One example of his method will serve as well as another," says Mr. Whibley, and he proceeds to cite an instance of the "indiscriminate and unwarrantable theft" of which he accuses Sterne. He could scarcely have chosen a better instance to show both the absurdity of much of the common talk about Sterne's plagiarisms and his own lack of comprehension of the nature of the offence. He quotes a bit of the passage from the fifth book, where Walter Shandy laments his son's death; and beside this he puts ("plagiarizing" Ferriar, of course) the original, with which it is almost identical. "Now my uncle Toby knew not that this last paragraph was an extract of Servius Sulpicius' consolatory letter to Tully"; and he knew not, honest soul, what his creator never told the public, that the translating of it was not done by "My Father," but by Burton. We do not know whether Mr. Whibley thinks it would have been more artistic to mention the fact in a foot-note; but if Sterne's offences had never amounted to more than the omission of the name of the "crib" when he mentioned the original, we are sure that neither Ferriar nor any other critic would have troubled himself over his plagiarisms, and we feel tolerably confident that in that case Mr. Whibley would have made no discoveries on his own account. He borrowed—"stole," if you like—and did it freely; but if Mr. Whibley, with all the extracts he had before him (to which a little reading might have added many more with no great difficulty), could find nothing more offensive to the literary conscience than this, Mr. Whibley had plainly no right to go shouting "thief" after Sterne. And in the one or two other instances he gives us (from Ferriar, of course) he is not much happier. "Without hesitation or remorse, he [Sterne] bids his betters stand and deliver, tricking out his own person with whatever treasures fall into his hand," he says, and convinces us thus:—Sterne says, "Lay hold of me—I am giddy—I am stone-blind—I'm dying—I am gone—Help! help! help!" and Burton has "but hoo! I am now gone quite out of sight; I am almost giddy with roving about." If Mr. Whibley imagines that he will establish his charge with intelligent ignorance by such examples as this, he surely underestimates the sense of the average man; but if he is anxious (as he seems) to be taken as an authority among persons of moderate education, why on earth does he thunder at them the least important and interesting of a set of facts which are known to every student of literary history? The answer is possibly that Mr. Whibley is under the delusion that shouting shows and carries conviction, and that a half-true commonplace will be received as a new and startling truth if it is put forward noisily and showily enough.

It would be interesting to deal soberly once more with the

whole question of the extent, effect, and ethics of Sterne's plagiarism; but this is not the place for it. We cannot, however, help noticing that Mr. Whibley's objections are based, as far as we can see, largely on moral grounds—which strikes one as odd in a critic who takes such pains to show that he has no objection on the same grounds to obscenity in literature. Concerning Sterne's conduct on this head, Mr. Whibley takes what is practically now the conventional literary view, wrapping it up in a good deal of bombastic talk, and garnishing it with airy allusions to Rabelais, the suburbs, and the "impuritans," apparently thinking thereby to give it the appearance of independent and original thought. Yet here, if anywhere, was room for a little careful discussion of a matter on which the last word has certainly not been said. But Mr. Whibley adds nothing to our understanding of Sterne in this respect; the chances are, indeed, that the reader will come to the conclusion that Mr. Whibley is endeavouring to make the world understand that his chief objection to Sterne on this score is the latter's abstemiousness in the matter of dirty words. This is a pity, if only because that is probably not exactly what Mr. Whibley wished to imply.

There are times when the friendly reader of this extraordinary Introduction must almost be driven to excuse some of Mr. Whibley's vagaries on the extravagant hypothesis that he has never read his Sterne. Such an occasion arises when we read his remarks on Sterne's sentimentality. As we might expect, he gets hold of what good critics have said before about the artificiality of much of Sterne's tenderness, partially apprehends it, and exaggerates it into sheer nonsense. We are not surprised to find him, in his endeavour to convince without proof, hurling at his victim reproaches for his "commonness of expression," "bad taste," "vapid emotion," or trying to bully us into admitting that "none will turn from his choicest agony without a thrill of disgust." There is something in this, of course, though it is odd that Mr. Whibley should not have learned how to treat it sanely in reading the books he got it from. Like better men before him, he makes fun of the dead ass and the stalling in quite the way to be expected from a writer apparently without a sense of humour. All this is natural, but there are sentences which go beyond all bounds of critical sanity, and which show that Mr. Whibley is as fitted to judge of Sterne as a deaf man is to judge of music. For he sets down Sterne as a failure, pure and simple, "in the province of pathos," and then expects us to believe that his admiration for Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim is vast and genuine, and founded on a proper basis. Here, indeed, is a "pious admirer" (so he calls himself) with a vengeance; he adores Toby, and is not aware that pathos is an essential element of that marvellous creature's being. This is certainly one of the oddest instances we have come across of a would-be critic publicly demonstrating his inability for the part he has undertaken to play.

But it is time to leave Mr. Whibley, and we must withstand the temptation to comment on his "criticism" of Sterne's style. His own, by the way, is worth a word or two. Mr. Whibley writes an idiom of which the principal rule seems to be that "Tis" and "Twas" must always be used where ordinary folk employ "It is" and "It was"; also "an" may be substituted for "if"; a comparison must be marked by "as" and "so" (the other words don't seem to matter much), and subjunctive forms now almost obsolete should be sprinkled over the pages wherever possible. The diction is beautified by the free employment of slang in inappropriate places—e.g. "he does not disdain to prig the cadence of a phrase," or "so industriously does he pad the hoof along the familiar highway." We miss "Himself hath," &c., from this essay, but all the accustomed acrobatics and inversions are present. A few lines of this odd jargon are amusing; but it soon becomes tedious, partly because of its affectations, partly because the writer is seduced into using three words where one would suffice for the plain man. We are afraid that the public is not yet prepared to accept it in the place of sound English, any more than it is to take shallow and loud assertion for criticism, to receive strained comparisons, or the use of somewhat obscure proper names as the marks of acute perception and wide erudition, or to welcome the theory that the best use we can make of a great book is to turn it into a platform for an opinionated and unknown fantastic to cut capers on. This being so, we can only regret that a very nicely printed and well-got-up edition of *Tristram Shandy* should be rendered offensively impossible to the purchaser of taste by the preliminary impertinences of Mr. Whibley.

GLEAMS OF MEMORY.

Gleams of Memory: with some Reflections. By JAMES PAYN. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1894.

OF all living novelists, Mr. James Pavn has set himself most simply and honestly to amuse. Ambition does not appear to be his foible: he has never even attempted to introduce a new religion in three volumes. He has not tried to reform the world, but to entertain it; and his task he has done in a manner all his own. Neither himself, nor his work, nor his genius has he taken with portentous solemnity. He has never arraigned at his bar the whole Nature of Things; he has not the air of one who comes down from a mountain with a revelation. Consequently nobody has written a grave volume on the Genius of Mr. Pavn; on the probable results of his environment and of county history, and of the Glacial Period; on the development of his kingly and subtle intellect. Indeed, it is clear that a good thing, a happy thought, is dearer to Mr. Pavn than the inmost emotions of his heroines or the faintest and subtlest sensations of his heroes. He has given us these good things in abundance since the days of his *Melibæus*, and now he gives us more with as good a grace, as cheery a wit, as ever, though he confesses to the physical pain that attends his task. "Mine may not be a good manner, but it has become my own, and misery itself has no power to make it sad." The mere touch of the pen in fingers racked and gnarled with rheumatic gout awakens Mr. Pavn's indomitable and admirable good spirits. His *Gleams* are gleams of sunlight; memories of old laughter echo through his unaffected pages. It is easy, and popular, to be pessimistic in the midst of applause and success. In age comparatively advanced, in sickness, agony, and sorrow, Mr. Pavn still shows a kind and smiling face to the world, which other philosophers treat to scowls, sighs, and sneers.

From this brief autobiography we gather that Master Pavn was a terrible boy. Though at night he suffered from nocturnal terrors as much as Coleridge, by day he would lurk under the table, and pinch the legs of the guests, "to give them the impression that I was a dog." A child so odious should have grown up into a Nero or a Domitian. Mr. Pavn, somehow, must have been converted. A bad fairy, or a victim, once put a sham half-sovereign in his puerile pocket. This, and the resulting disappointment, he thinks "cruel"; but it served him right. On his Bible, in church, at the words "The days of his youth thou hast shortened," he found a drop of fresh blood. This mysterious circumstance was, perhaps, the cause of his conversion. The psychical explanation is one for which the world is hardly ripe. Sowing his metaphysical wild oats early, Master Pavn had a conviction that he was the only *Noumenon* in the world—the rest of things and persons were phenomena. The universe was Maya, or illusion. Master Pavn was an unconscious Buddhist; but he got over metaphysics and measles. At school and college (so singular is this gentleman's experience) he learned nothing. "May I be taught Greek in another world, if I know what I did learn." Cricket failed "either to cheer or inebriate him." He had all the makings of a detestable character, evidently. From school he brought away the impression that boys will be beasts. In fact, boys have all the vices (which are many) of the savage, with all his virtues. They cannot help it; they are evolving into civilization. Some unlucky boys are born civilized; they detest cruelty, obscenity, stupidity, and they have an ill time of it at school, or at least till they get into the fifth form or so, and out of fagging. "I cannot conceal from myself that, as a boy, I was very, very far from popular." A boy who hates cricket does not deserve to be popular, and we still regard Mr. Pavn, though in many ways a converted character, with suspicion. He was "so [something] facetious," adds a contemporary critic. At Cambridge (another dark blot on his character) he used actually to speak at the Union! Some cherub must have watched over Mr. Pavn; he began as a practical joker, he became a metaphysician, he did not play cricket, and he perorated at the Union. He was President of the Union. Again, he would play whist on a fine day in a vernal wood. He was capable of being hypnotized; but, of course, every one believed he was shamming. He published poems, but many otherwise just men have done that. *Semel insanivimus omnes*. His poems in some occult way introduced Mr. Pavn to people of letters; he began to write stories, and he has been writing ever since. We cannot extract the plums out of Mr. Pavn's pudding, but they are many and excellent. The world may learn at last how Tennyson's *Timbuctoo* won the English verse prize (p. 153). The history of some of Mr. Pavn's novels, of the first conceptions and germinal ideas, is interesting and curious. Critics he regards with a benevolent indifference; they have seldom done him

justice, but the public has been more judicious. At present he does not amuse more by his playful mirth than he instructs by a stoicism free from the priggishness of the Stoics.

VERLAINE'S NEW POEMS.

Epigrammes. Par PAUL VERLAINE. Paris: Bibliothèque Artistique et Littéraire.

IN this little book of *Epigrammes*, Verlaine tells us he has tried to do something of what Goethe did in the *West-östlicher Divan*, but "en sourdine, à ma manière." And, indeed, there is a new note, as of a personality for once somewhat impersonal, concerned with general questions (always individually apprehended), with the interest of moral ideas, the charm of exterior things. The book was written in the calm retirement of that beautiful and fantastic hospital, Saint-Louis, which lies, like a little walled city of the middle ages, in the midst of the squalid and entertaining neighbourhood of the Canal Saint-Martin. It was written in a time of unusual quiet, written quietly, without excitement, and from memory, as one might say, a memory for once of the head, not of the heart or the senses. In the introductory verses we find already the real, evasive Verlaine, calming down, as he fancies or fears, to a certain indifference. "Les extrêmes opinions" of the past are to be more or less abandoned; as for the wiles of woman, "on finit par s'habituer"; the sharper clarion notes of the day—"le clairon fou de l'aurore"—fade into a dim fluting under the fading sunset; one is simply tired, and not too unwilling for sleep.

Quand nous irons, si je dois encor la voir,
Dans l'obscurité du bois noir,
Quand nous serons ivres d'air et de lumière
Au bord de la claire rivière,
Quand nous serons d'un moment dépayés
De ce Paris aux cœurs brisés,
Et si la bonté lente de la nature
Nous berce d'un rêve qui dure,
Alors, allons dormir du dernier sommeil!
Dieu se chargera du réveil.

This, then, is the note of the book; and in such a mood the memory of certain quaint or charming impressions comes up very happily. Japanese art, "lourd comme un crapaud, léger comme un oiseau"; the *Ronde de Nuit*, seen at Amsterdam; Cazals' latest portrait of himself, the spectral back view which serves as frontispiece to the book; the haunting sound of a barrel-organ—

Bruit humain, fait de cris et de lentes souffrances
Dans le soleil couchant au loin d'un long chemin—

it is such sights and sounds as these that Verlaine evokes, in a series of delicately wrought little poems, more carefully written, for the most part, than much of his later verse. And there is one specially charming poem on the ballet:—

Mon âge mûr qui ne grommelle
En somme qu'encore très peu
Aime le joli péle-mêle
D'un ballet turc ou camaïeu.

And the poem, if we mistake not, is a reminiscence of a certain memorable evening at the Alhambra, and it recalls, quaintly, deliciously, a certain quaint and delicious paradox which summed up a personal and poetical view of life and art: "J'aime Shakspeare," said Verlaine, "mais j'aime mieux le ballet!"

THE INDIAN MUTINY.

An Unrecorded Chapter of the Indian Mutiny; being the Personal Reminiscences of Reginald G. Wilberforce, late 52nd Light Infantry. From a Diary and Letters written on the spot. With Illustrations. London: John Murray. 1894.

THE personal diaries of the events of the Indian Mutiny, now removed from us by a period of nearly forty years, must be looked upon as the salt which flavours the bare historic record. This is eminently the case with the book before us. Not only does it record the adventures, many of them very striking, of the author himself; not only does it take us march by march with his regiment, the 52nd Light Infantry, from the moment when the outburst of Mutiny roused it from its cantonment at Sialkot, and it became the main strength of a movable column which was destined to repress the revolted native regiments in the Panjab, and ultimately to join the besieging army before Delhi; but it also gives us a clear insight into the characters of many famous personalities of whom the world possesses but a scanty knowledge. Foremost among these is one of the heroes of the Mutiny, in

many respects the very greatest, the famous John Nicholson. Nicholson was a captain of native infantry, engaged in administrative work on the frontier, when Sir John Lawrence nominated him to the command of the movable column to which the 52nd was attached, with the rank of Brigadier-General. In assuming this command Nicholson superseded Colonel Campbell, commanding the 52nd, himself no mean soldier. Recording the event and its consequences, the author gives a masterly sketch of the new arrival:—

‘He was of a commanding presence, some six feet two inches in height, with a long black beard, dark grey eyes with black pupils (under excitement of any kind these pupils would dilate like a tiger’s), a colourless face, over which no smile ever passed, laconic of speech. He brought with him from the frontier a motley crew called the “Mooltanee Horse.” They came out of personal devotion to Nicholson; they took no pay from the Government; they recognized no head but Nicholson, and him they obeyed with a blind devotion and a faithfulness that won the admiration of all who saw them. . . . It is known that John Nicholson was worshipped by the Sikhs. Their religion admits of repeated incarnations, and this noble, sad-faced man was thought by them to be their god veiled in human flesh.’

Nicholson did all he could to discourage this sort of worship, and whenever any one of the Sikhs, overcome by his feelings, suddenly prostrated himself in prayer, Nicholson at once ordered the offender a punishment of three dozen lashes on his bare back. The culprit received the punishment as one that he had merited, saying, “Our god knew that we had done wrong, and therefore punished us.”

As commander of the column, Nicholson soon won the admiration of the 52nd. Colonel Campbell himself, the author tells us, “soon recognized the wisdom of the appointment.” The book abounds with stories of the manner in which Nicholson, by his calmness in danger, his readiness for every emergency, his splendid leadership in action, won the hearts and the confidence of every man under his command. It is impossible to quote these stories and others of a kindred nature. The book is one to be studied by every soldier. When, after having pacified the Panjab and reached Delhi, Nicholson was mortally wounded, and died the seventh day after the wound, there was universal mourning in the camp. On the day of his burial the feeling manifested itself in an unprecedented manner among the men he had so often led to victory. No greater tribute was ever paid to a man than the tribute paid by the 52nd Light Infantry to Nicholson. Mr. Wilberforce thus tells the story:—

‘On Wednesday evening, September 23, it was known that Nicholson was to be buried on Thursday morning. As usual the remnants of the regiment went through a sort of formal parade just outside the magazine building in which we were housed. Parade was over, Colonel Campbell was just moving off, when a private stepped out of the ranks with: “If you please, Colonel, the men want to know if they’re going to the general’s funeral to-morrow.” “Certainly not; the regiment will parade at the usual time to-morrow morning.” As the parade was always held just after daybreak, no one could have been present at the funeral who had to be on parade. Then the old soldier spoke again and said: “Colonel Campbell, I joined the regiment before you did, and you know the character I have had while in the regiment. I mean no disrespect, sir, but we are going.” Campbell flushed up, and replied angrily: “The regiment shall not go; if necessary, I will use force to stop them.” “And what force will you get, sir? The regiment will march through all the other regiments that are here.” Campbell was wise enough to see the spirit that was abroad, and turned away as if he had not heard the last remark, the end of which, however, must have pleased him.’

Naturally the regiment, “with but few exceptions,” marched down the following morning, to witness the funeral. It was a most touching sight, accompanied by touching incidents. Prominent among these was the behaviour of the men of the Mooltanee Horse. No sooner had the coffin been lowered into the grave than, “throwing themselves on the ground,” these men “sobbed and wept as if their very hearts were breaking.” We must refer the reader to the book for the whole story, and for many others of a like character. It is a most interesting book; and the reader will have the consciousness that every incident related in it is true.

CURB, SNAFFLE, AND SPUR.

Curb, Snaffle, and Spur. By EDWARD L. ANDERSON. Edinburgh: David Douglas.

THE multitude of counsellors continue to pour forth their wisdom about riding, and of advice as to the breaking of horses there is no end.

Mr. E. L. Anderson is recognized as an authority on horse literature—it is said that he learned the Portuguese language for the sake of studying one or two recondite and untranslated treatises on his favourite subject—and he is also well known as an enthusiastic advocate and exponent of the art of *manège* riding; so his new book, *A Method of Training Young Horses for the Cavalry Service, and for General Use under Saddle*, ought to command a larger attention than it is likely to obtain. Indeed, it is doubtful if the work will be so much as skimmed through by any considerable number of readers. Since we may fairly assume that the riding-masters who superintend the education of our young cavalry horses are quite satisfied with their own method, whatever it may be, and will regard with disfavour suggestions from an outsider, while at least ninety-five per cent. of civilian Englishmen are indifferent or contemptuous as regards all that pertains to the *haute école*. Still, those who interest themselves in the training of horses would do well at least to glance at these pages; useful hints may therein be gathered, and it is always amusing to note how the doctors of hippology differ even on elementary matters. For instance, Mr. Anderson says:—

“The horse should not be taught to regard any motion, words, or bugle-calls, lest it should obey such signals at an inopportune moment”; whereas his contemporary, Captain Hayes, has given us to understand that much of *his* success is due to a code of signs almost imperceptible to bystanders, but which the pupil sees and comprehends perfectly well. It is very generally supposed, too, that the troop-horse’s recognition of trumpet-calls conduces very materially to his efficiency and discipline in the ranks. Then, again, Mr. Anderson is in favour of longeing; while Captain Hayes cares nothing for the cavesson, abhors the dumb-jockey, and would have nearly all elementary instruction given with the long driving-reins.

Every one whom hard fate has ever compelled to get on the back of a really raw young one knows the horrible sensation of the creature apparently running backwards from beneath him, caused by refusal to go up to the bit, or, as Mr. Anderson calls it, “getting behind the hand.” This difficulty, he tells us, is to be overcome and the horse taught to go into the bridle by “gently pushing it forward into a slow trot against a light, but constant, tension of the reins.” Exactly so. But that is just what the rider often finds himself incapable of doing. Here lies the fault of Mr. Anderson’s teaching; he takes it for granted that every breaker or trainer—he prefers the latter name—is as fine a horseman as himself; and thus again differs widely from Captain Hayes, who always assumes that he is addressing very ordinary mortals, and lays down but few rules which a man possessed of fair intelligence, nerve, and temper might not easily carry out. Mr. Anderson constantly speaks of, and advises, “light vibrations” and “gentle tensions” on the mouth, which must imply the possession of most delicate hands—a gift of nature, not an acquired talent; for, let any one who has not got first-rate hands try “gently vibrating” and “lightly tensioning” on a young horse, and he will soon find his mount in a worse state of exasperation than could be produced by the horniest-fisted helper that ever hung on by a watering bridle.

A most unprofitable lesson, too, is that wherein the author essays to teach us how to educate a horse with a heavy forehand—it must be remembered that the book purports to deal only with “use under saddle.” Now if a man means to ride he must be a fool to buy a horse with a heavy forehand, if he is unlucky enough to breed one with this defect the sooner he confines it to its proper sphere of harness the better. Nevertheless, our author must be credited with the courage of his opinions, and seems not to shrink from these worse than useless experiments. It has become almost an axiom amongst horsemen that you cannot give an opinion of any real value as to a horse’s shoulders until you have been on his back; still one may often make a very fair guess, and to judge from the illustrations some of Mr. Anderson’s favourites look as if they had dreadful shoulders, none of them carry the saddle in *too* good a place, and all appear to be of a nasty cobby sort; this latter defect, however, may be a semblance only due to some fault of photography.

The last chapter, on “Vices, Tricks, and Faults,” commends itself to us more than any other; in the first place, because there are a few simple remedies or defences suggested, whereby may be thwarted some of the horse’s most objectionable devices for his rider’s discomfiture; and, next, because the author’s appreciation of the equine character is as just as it is unusual. He confesses that, “after training horses for many years, he has failed to observe in them any traits of character which may be designated noble, or which show anything above a very low order of intelligence.” He thinks, in fact, that the horse is a more or less nervous fool, with an indifferent memory except for the things

which we would rather have him forget. If the owner can get the upper hand and keep it he will have a useful servant, otherwise he had better hand his steed over to some masterful person—with which estimate we are in hearty agreement.

ITALIAN LITERATURE.

Nell' Asia Orientale. Di LODOVICO NOCENTINI. Firenze: Successori Lemonnier.

Spigolature della Vita Privata di Re Martino in Sicilia. Di Giuseppe Beccaria. Palermo: Libreria Carlo Clausen.

Niccolò Macchiavelli e i Suoi Tempi, illustrati con nuovi documenti. Vol. I. Milano: Ulrico Hoepli.

La Vita e le Opere di Giovanni Botero, con la quinta parte delle Relazioni Universali ed altri documenti inediti. Di CARLO GIODA. Milano: Ulrico Hoepli.

La Riforma Sociale in Italia: Tentativo di Critica e di Ricostruzione. Firenze: Bemford e Figlio, Via del Proconsolo.

SIGNOR NOCENTINI'S most opportune work on Eastern Asia, the outcome of a four years' residence in China, with Shanghai for headquarters, is no mere tourist's record, although it portrays, vividly enough, all the external aspects of land and people with which we are more or less familiar. It does more; it deals with the soul of a nation, its ethics, the working of an ancient cult, moral rather than religious—so that, despite its high morality, the lack of high ideals has retarded the progress of the oldest of existing civilizations. The national spirit of toleration, so often mistaken for indifference, is thus defined by the writer's quotation from a Chinese work. The three religions existing within the Celestial Empire on so amicable a footing are "as the lightning, the sun, and the moon to him who lives in darkness. Buddhism regulates the heart, Taoism the body, Confucianism society. We all know that neither the heart, the body, nor society can be separately treated. . . . Confucianism cures the skin, Taoism the blood, Buddhism the bones. It is not possible to cure one without curing the other two." Meanwhile, it has always been Confucianism, the doctrine that best excludes perspective, which has prevailed, none the less in that, on occasions of birth, death, drought, or famine, it joins hands with Taoism and Buddhism as a concession to the superstition and sentimentality that are inherent in humanity. It is to Confucianism that the writer traces the good qualities and the shortcomings of the nation whose existence is now at stake, the sacredness and closeness of family ties, the sense of responsibility towards posterity as part of the veneration due to the memory of the dead, the people's powers of endurance and indifference to death, and also the fanatical conservatism that is crystallizing and paralysing the nation. Meanwhile these abstract considerations do not exclude practical ones; as, for instance, the suggestion for the acclimatization of tea in Italy's lately acquired African territories; the visit to the tea factories of Hankow; the receipt for making an economic and "exquisite beverage" (p. 123) for the masses of Italian subjects who have hitherto preferred adulterated coffee; the agricultural and financial *pour et contre* of railways from the Chinese standpoint, their mission and action in the near future; the refutation of the accusation of "excessive" infanticide; the admirable educational work, chiefly supported by France and Belgium, done by the Milanese Sisters at Hankow; the historical, geographical, and social aspects of Korea, with personal reminiscences of its sovereign and people, and a peculiarly vivid impression of Young Japan, flushed with the burning of mediæval ships, girded for unforeseen events, and ready to precipitate them.

"There are no fabulous times," says the author of *Gleanings from the Private Life of King Martin in Sicily*, "neither are there heroes, nor demi-gods, nor legendary personages. But there are historic times, characterized by diversity of manners, and men who were born and lived as we do, and who dominate the masses by inherent virtue or genius. Therefore I hold that the private life of great personages and the study of the manners of an age are the diaphragm of history and the measure of its just appreciation." Thus it is that, in deciphering and classifying the accounts of Niccolò Castagna, Treasurer of the Kingdom of Sicily towards the end of the fourteenth and the beginning of the fifteenth centuries, the archivist has been tempted to compile this monograph. These accounts, which include the private expenditure of the King, are the witnesses not only of his charities, endowments, or armaments, but of his special hobbies, his tincture of humanism, his love of and proficiency in music, in sport and games of skill, his beneficent interest in all the arts of peace, his piety, both sincere and ostensible, his gallantries, and his relations to his two consorts. When the first wife of Martin, who was also his cousin, was dying at Lentini, the King, instead of

hurrying to her bedside, wrote from Modica on May 23, 1401, a letter to Niccolò Castagna, which, to even that honest Treasurer's apologist, appears a little cynical. King Martin, after thanking his Treasurer for having ensured to the royal sufferer the services of the great physician Maestro Guglielmo Ansalone, proceeds to give minute orders for her funeral, desiring Castagna to "abstain from being scandalized," for the life of the Queen was "in God's hands." The Queen's Chamberlain must have needed a like appeal, when, five days after her death, King Martin wrote, inviting him to consign all her jewels and valuables, including her parrot, to his servants, Lanza and Berterani, who would convey them to the Castle of Lentini. On the 21st of May, 1402, King Martin wedded Blanche of Navarre, later Regent of Sicily during the ensuing wars in which that little State was entangled. These wars terminated with King Martin's victory at San Luri, in Sardinia, and his death at that place from a less glorious cause. Signor Beccaria began his task with the avowed design of stripping mediæval personages of their undue share of glamour. Yet under the spell of this glamour he extols the very weaknesses of his hero—for there be heroes and, perchance, demigods, with all due deference to a writer who at once denies and proves their existence, leaving one with the impression that this gallant Prince sometimes gave a sprat to catch a herring, as exemplified by his *largesse* to individuals and his talent for levying *exenia* on bodies and corporations—also that he was blessed in the long-suffering of his wives. There is a *naïf* entry of a payment of Blanche of Navarre to Agata Pesci:—"Matri di la egregia Madonna Violanti figlia natural di lu serenissimu signori re di Sichilia, nostra reverendu maritu."

The Biblioteca Scientifico-Letteria publishes, simultaneously with a *Life and Works of Giovanni Botero*, the first volume of a new edition of *Niccolò Macchiavelli e i Suoi Tempi*. In a short introductory note to the latter work Professor Villari very justly remarks that few words are needed in the presentation of this improved edition to the reader. He desires merely to say that he "has revised as carefully as possible, correcting any errors he discovered therein, and with due regard to past criticism and to the later works which have appeared on Macchiavelli." The second and third volumes are in course of publication.

Of the former, *Vita e Opere di Giovanni Botero*, many "persons of culture" are fain to confess that they know nothing, except that he was the author of the *Ragion di Stato*. Yet this father of modern statistics was a famous man in his time, to whom "occurred what does not often happen to many, at any time. He was among the foremost writers of his age; he lived to see his works translated into almost every civilized language, so that his fame, great at his death, continued to grow for about a century after it. Then came a time of silence anent him, which lasted almost as long as his glory had lasted, till, in the beginning of the century that is now drawing to a close, a scholarly voice was raised in remembrance of him." There was a momentary flutter in the world of letters, and then again silence, until twenty years later the brilliant thesis by which Professor Lampertico inaugurated his career recalled the forgotten name. Then followed panegyrics upon eulogists, until Signor Ricotti, in his *History of the Piedmontese Monarchy*, asserts that "Botero outshone all those men, however considerable, who lent lustre and dignity to the Court of Charles Emmanuel I., Duke of Savoy . . . he demolished the political doctrines of Macchiavelli, giving all his energy to teach the preservation of absolute monarchies, while the latter had only laboured to create and destroy them." It has devolved on Signor Carlo Gioda to give a complete *Life and Works of Botero* in popular form. The first volume is necessarily historical as well as biographical, for its protagonist was successively employed as Secretary to Cardinal Carlo Borromeo of sainted memory, agent to Charles Emmanuel I. in France and Rome, and preceptor to the three sons of this prince during their journey and sojourn at the Court of Spain. Botero was singularly fitted for this office; it had been given him to learn in his youth—passed under Emmanuel Philibert, the brave prince who won back his father's forfeited crown—how a State is reorganized. In the eight years passed in the household of Cardinal Borromeo he learned how a Church may be reformed. The works by which Botero was best known during the Cardinal's lifetime were chiefly theological. The ten books of the *Ragion di Stato* and the four parts of the *Relazioni Universali* were written during the fourteen years in which, after his patron's death, Botero made Rome his head-quarters. The fifth part of the *Relazioni Universali*, now published for the first time, was written in Spain. The Chapters VIII., IX. and X., devoted to critical essays on the best known works of this remarkable man, are perhaps somewhat encumbered by refutations of Ferrari and other of his commentators. Whereas the historical portion of

Signor Giorda's work is remarkable for lucidity and a happy power of characterization, as exemplified by the admirable narratives of the vicissitudes of Charles III. and Emmanuel Philibert, of the youth of Charles Emmanuel I., of the life of the militant saint, Charles Borromeo, of the death he met with a smile on his lips, and of Botero himself as pedagogue, diplomatist, and humanist.

Signor Siotto-Pintor's projects of "reconstruction" as set forth in *La Riforma Sociale* embrace a vindication of the rights of the testator by the suggested abolition of the "*legittima*"—the law which deprives a parent of the power of alienating the whole of his fortune from his children—and a "solution of the educational problem." The writer of these 450 closely printed and copiously annotated pages is very young. He confesses, in a preface, to little more than twenty summers, promising to raise his voice from time to time in the wilderness against "the absolute want of philosophic spirit with which most modern legislators are afflicted"; and threatening *qu'il se fera entendre à force de se faire écouter*. Like the Irishman about to learn French in ten lessons, we should like to have begun at the tenth, for time, which mellows wine, softens acrimony, condenses thought, and reduces quotations. Part I. of *La Riforma Sociale* treats in reams of erudition of the historical aspect of family and property. Part II. is controversial and critical. Part III. embodies the writer's scheme of reconstruction, and demands the abolition of the "elementary public" or Board Schools. Society is adjured to retrace a false step in the much-maligned system of evolution. For "the formation of character being much more important to the individual, and therefore to the State, than intellectual or physical training, the individual and the State suffer when the reciprocal education of parent and child is abolished by compulsory education, which robs the child of home, and home of its most humanizing elements." The reform suggested in the laws of succession is but another step in the (potential) restoration of patriarchal authority.

BIOGRAPHIES OF TWO PHILANTHROPISTS.

Life of Frances Power Cobbe. By herself. London: Bentley & Son. 1894.

THE portrait of Miss Cobbe which faces the title-page is the best of prefaces to her pleasant autobiography. The high forehead, the intellectual features, and the sunny smile suggest her powers, her predilections, and her temperament. Moreover, her reminiscences have the charm and recommendation of as much candour and self-revelation as we have any right to expect. For even those who step voluntarily into the public confessional must inevitably have a certain amount of reserve. Miss Cobbe tells us frankly in the beginning that no man has ever asked her to share his lot, and that she has never had any cause to regret it. Indeed, the backbone of her character is sturdy self-reliance, and she has always been independent in thought as in action. She passed a lonely though happy childhood; she betook herself in early girlhood to a peculiar and precocious course of severe reading; and although she was sent to an extravagant and fashionable school, in reality she was self-educated. Well born, and extremely well connected, she was the only daughter of an Irish squire who kept an hospitable house with Irish carelessness. For seven years she was the mistress of the establishment and the Lady Bountiful of the parish. Then her father died, leaving the great bulk of his fortune to her elder brother, and bequeathing her but a comparative pittance of 200*l.* a year—little more than what she had hitherto received as pocket-money. She lost her cherished home, and thenceforth she had to "fend" for herself. She took her resolution; she determined to be self-sufficient, and she succeeded in earning a satisfactory income, which was freely devoted to philanthropy and charity.

Nothing in the book is more interesting than her recollections of Ireland and Irish society as she used to know them nearly fifty years ago. Like Miss Edgeworth, she dwells with feeling eloquence on the evils of absenteeism. Her father was a good and liberal landlord; he did his best to make his villages healthy and to house his cottagers decently; and when the rents ran short, or fell in arrears, he went so far as to sell the two most valuable pictures in his rare gallery. But it was an uphill task to persuade the "tinantry" to live decently; and Miss Cobbe tells the story of a lady-like lady's-maid who had married in her own class and gone to live in a cottage. When the cottage was cleansed for the first time, by an exercise of the landlord's authority, it was discovered that the pig for months had slept undisturbed beneath the bed. The catalogue of the light reading in which Miss Cobbe indulged when a mere girl might have caused envy to her friend John Stuart Mill. It embraced the Christian

fathers and the heathen sages, the Vedas, Confucius, and the modern philosophers. She was deeply exercised on religious subjects. With the range of her reading, it is not surprising that she soon made shipwreck of her childish faith; and she tells a touching and melancholy tale of how, after a temporary abandonment of all belief, she gravitated, through much mental agony, towards the rationalism and Unitarianism in which she finally settled.

It was in 1857 that she had to face the wrench which severed her from her home. "It was like a black wall before me—the sea and sky indistinguishable. I thought, 'To-morrow I shall go out into the darkness; how like death is this!'" Her courage was shaken, but did not succumb. Wisely, though somewhat rashly, considering her scanty resources, she sought change of scene and further instruction in a prolonged Eastern tour. Necessarily she was compelled to practise economy, and few could have resigned themselves so cheerfully to altered circumstances. While at Athens, where she was fortunate in having the late Mr. Finlay for her guide, she heard much of Lord Byron, and little to the poet's advantage. Perhaps Miss Cobbe may be somewhat prejudiced, as subsequently Lady Byron was one of her dearest friends. Returning to England refreshed, and seeking for definite objects in life, she began her philanthropic labours. Her first experiences were in Bristol, in the house of a certain Miss Carpenter, an excellent woman who was a most unpleasant hostess. She knew so little herself of the pleasures of the senses that she was astounded when she saw some people apparently enjoying their dinner, and she fed her *pensionnaires* chiefly on salt beef, which was unfortunate for Miss Cobbe, who had gouty tendencies. So she was forced reluctantly to part company with Miss Carpenter. In Bristol she had begun to interest herself in ragged schools, and had wide and most painful experiences of human misery, and, above all, of the sufferings of the struggling poor. Nothing moved her more than the condition of the sick in workhouses, and she was disgusted, if not disheartened, at the failure of any effort to relieve them. The Guardians seemed to set their faces even against reforms equally simple and inexpensive; for example, they persisted in compelling the ill and aged to get up at six, although bed was obviously the best place for the unoccupied, whose days were intolerably tedious.

The second volume is devoted to a winter sojourn in Italy, and life in London. At Florence Miss Cobbe made many agreeable friends, notably Mrs. Somerville and the Brownings; and in London afterwards she formed acquaintances or intimacies with many of the most distinguished statesmen, churchmen, and men of letters. She tells how she betook herself to regular journalism, and earned a comfortable income by her pen. For seven years she daily contributed social leaders and notes to the half-penny *Echo*; and, though she lived in Kensington, she prides herself as having never once failed to make her appearance at the *Echo* office at the appointed hour. One of her duties was to look after the coroners' inquests and to investigate the facts when they seemed deserving of inquiry. Consequently, as in Bristol, her feelings were frequently harrowed by scenes and incidents of unspeakable wretchedness. Those cases of more or less undeserved misfortune always stimulated her to some energetic efforts for dealing with vice and suffering. She wrote not only for the *Echo*, but for many of the leading periodicals; and she proved her conscientiousness by resigning a profitable engagement on the *Standard* on the burning question of vivisection. She took perhaps the leading part in originating the Anti-Vivisection movement; and it is easy to understand the fervour of one who made companions and familiars of her favourite dogs. We can fancy how her friend Matthew Arnold would have felt had Geist—"his little self"—been bound down upon the operating table.

John MacGregor ("Rob Roy"). By EDWIN HODDER. London: Hodder Brothers. 1894.

Many of those who knew John MacGregor fairly well will be surprised, as well as entertained, when reading Mr. Hodder's memoir. For Mr. Hodder gives an excellent idea of the man, though he has overweighted his work with some superfluous moralizing and unnecessary quotations from MacGregor's writings. MacGregor, although he had no sort of diffidence as to rather eccentric appearances in public, was the most modest of men in private society. He would never talk of his own exploits or hairbreadth escapes, although he would become strangely eager on slight provocation over the benevolent schemes in which he was interested. He was a remarkable specimen of the muscular Christian. His piety was not only unaffected, but almost aggressive; yet he sought his recreation in all sorts of athletics, and delighted in danger for its own sake. Perhaps he was never so thoroughly

happy as when shooting the rapids of the Reuss in his frail canoe, or battling with the breakers off Beachy Head when it was blowing half a gale. He had faith in himself and in pulling safely through, but if he went to the bottom it did not matter. He was clever with his hands, and an uncommonly hard and quick hitter, which served him well among the roughs in the East End or when he had taken to street preaching. He rejoiced in controversy, and could give a good account of himself, even against skilled Romish controversialists and the picked champions of Atheism. A very Low and Broad Churchman, officially he fought the battle of the Protestant faith as Secretary of the Protestant Alliance. He has all the credit of originating the Shoebblack Brigade, in spite of the sneers and horseplay of the ragged street arabs, and the unfriendly indifference of the police. That Brigade gradually grew from insignificant beginnings till it earned an income of something like 70,000*l*. With his amphibious temperament and sea-going tastes, he took an immense interest in the boys in the training ships, and followed them anxiously in their subsequent careers. He was concerned with his friend Laurence Oliphant in the various schemes for the restoration of the Jews to their land and the revival of the prosperity of Palestine, and during the absence in America of his eccentric chief and ally, he used to act as Oliphant's secretary and representative. For many years he contributed to *Punch*, and once in Palestine he showed not only his humour but his presence of mind, by persuading an Arab chief to commit himself with a pinch of salt; when slapping the Bedouin pleasantly on the shoulder, he made a sign equivalent to "sold." He saved his property and possibly his life, for the man who had eaten salt with the Sheikh was inviolable. His generosity was extraordinary. His books sold well, and we believe that the profits were invariably handed over to charitable purposes. Finally, when "Rob Roy" came up as a lion of the day from the swellings of Jordan, he intimated his intention of giving a course of lectures and, fixing a *minimum* price, he drove rather hard bargains. He actually realized 10,000*l*, at the cost of extreme personal exertion, but not one penny did he pocket himself. John MacGregor had his foibles, but there are very few men who have acted so consistently up to their principles or who have done so much practical good.

POPULAR ASTRONOMY.

Popular Astronomy: a General Description of the Heavens. By CAMILLE FLAMMARION. Translated from the French, with the Author's Sanction, by J. ELLARD GORE, F.R.A.S. London: Chatto & Windus. 1894.

THE original of this work was received in France with extraordinary favour. One hundred thousand copies were sold within a few years of its publication in 1879; it was honoured by the bestowal of the Montyon Prize of the French Academy; while the Minister of Education chose it for use in public libraries. And there was much to justify this success. M. Flammarion is a sound practical astronomer; he has rendered good and laborious services to the science; and he possesses a valuable faculty of popular exposition. He writes in a clear and animated style; and his unflagging personal interest in his subject effectually banishes from his pages the demon of dullness. It is true that he "tickles the ears of the groundlings" with much "tall talk." But this is in him no mere conventional clap-trap; it is a genuine riot of the imagination, in which he delights to indulge. A large body of readers are accordingly attracted and incited by it; and his rhetorical passages may then well be pardoned as the sweet coating by which the wholesome bitter of harsh facts is made acceptable to untutored palates.

For M. Flammarion is a careful and painstaking as well as a sympathetic teacher; he knows the value of accuracy, and his book contains a large amount of trustworthy information. Yet it shows grave deficiencies, especially in the spectroscopic department. Not a word, for instance, is said about the spectrum of the solar corona; not a word about the spectrum of sun-spots; not a word about the prodigious radial velocities made manifest by the displacements and contortions of lines in the spectra of solar prominences. The account given of the classification of stellar spectra is incomplete, even misleading; the blazing spectra of "new stars" are associated with the *combustion* instead of the simple incandescence of hydrogen; and the photography of stellar and nebular spectra—perhaps the most important of all the numerous developments of modern methods—is entirely overlooked. Turning in another direction, we are taken aback at the omission of any reference to Professor Langley's results as to the temperature of the lunar surface, notwithstanding their essential bearing upon the question of lunar habitability, treated at some length in these pages.

The book, in fact, belongs fundamentally to the year 1879. Subsequent issues appear to have been very imperfectly brought up to date. It is, then, much to be regretted that its translation into English was not accompanied by a thoroughgoing revision. Mr. Gore has been too scrupulous in the treatment of his text. He had nominally five, and we should rather say fifteen, years' leeway to make up. Meantime, astronomical workers of all classes had been feverishly busy, and not in vain. Discoveries, inventions, revelations by the camera, experimental investigations, abounded, the heavens themselves contributing novelties in the shape of new stars and curiously behaved comets. But most of these innumerable items of progress are touched upon in a few words only, or at the utmost in a short paragraph, inserted between brackets. Moreover, obsolete passages have been reproduced, with nothing but warning footnotes to the effect that the statements contained in them can no longer be depended upon. But if so, why should they have been allowed to cumber pages which might have been far better filled with accounts of Nova Aurigæ and Nova Normæ, of Professor Barnard's exploits in cometary and galactic photography, and of Professor Hale's and M. Deslandres's extraordinary success in obtaining daylight pictures of the solar surroundings. And these are only specimen omissions.

It is true that Mr. Gore may not have been at liberty to deal freely with his original. He might quite conceivably have preferred to omit and insert at will. With literary etiquette, however, neither the public nor the critics whose duty it is to defend their interests are at all concerned. It does not belong to them to apportion between authors and translators the blame of certain obvious shortcomings.

The literary merits of this version are not inconsiderable. Much of the spirit of the original has been preserved in readable English, not appreciably disfigured by the mawkish echoes of French idiom. Plenty of room is, indeed, afforded for detailed criticism by ungainly or imperfect renderings of exotic turns of speech; but these are perhaps inevitable in so long a work. The volume is profusely and well illustrated, some of the best plates making here their first appearance.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

Histoire de la littérature française. Par GUSTAVE LANSON. Paris: Hachette.

Mémoires du Chancelier Pasquier. Tome cinquième. Paris: Plon.

SOME thirty years have passed since, by one of the coincidences not unusual in literature, France was furnished with two short histories of her literature of very considerable, although rather different, merit—those of MM. Gérusiez and Demogeot. It is, therefore, not surprising that the time should have seemed to MM. Hachette to have come for a new one. During this time a good deal has been added to our knowledge of the mediæval period, and, as M. Lanson very truly says, the French literature of the nineteenth century has had time to finish itself—all the greater and older names having disappeared during the last decade or earlier. In any country but France, moreover, thirty years might be thought likely to bring about some slight changes in the critical view of even the middle and more or less classical periods.

M. Lanson, who has been entrusted with this by no means light task, is already known to us by some good work in *belles lettres*. He has been allowed, or has allowed himself, ample—almost too ample—space, nearly twelve hundred pages of not much less than five hundred words apiece, and he has produced a book deserving of high commendation in many ways. It starts from the two best principles in such matters—first, that no reading of a literary history will serve instead of the reading of the literature itself; and, secondly (though M. Lanson does not carry this out quite thoroughly), that, if a man is competent to write such a history at all, he is competent to give his own opinion, and had much better not attempt to substitute for it a jumbled selection of the opinions of other people, delivered, as is probable, if not certain, from anything but identical points of view, torn from their contexts, and immensely surprised at finding themselves in each other's company. He has not only covered the whole ground with a comprehensive notice, but has affixed a running bibliography at the foot of the pages, which will be of very great use. We are not so sure of the propriety of relegating biographical information also to footnotes. For the life of authors, though too much may be made of it, is, after all, a good deal bound up with their works, and the connexion between the two should not be distant.

Half a dozen articles would, of course, not suffice to discuss a book of this kind at length. Its merit will, as we have said, be found considerable; not much need be said of its defects. To pick quarrels with M. Lanson on small special points would be somewhat unworthy. We may think that, though he has given (and almost apologizes for giving) great space to the middle-age writers, he has not fully entered into their spirit. You cannot really appreciate that spirit as he would have us do, by reading the *Chanson de Roland* and a few extracts of the other "Chansons de geste"; and we cannot help suspecting that M. Lanson's own views are a little coloured—we shall not say by defect of reading—but by a want of habitual practice in it. Neither in the Arthurian romances nor in the *Romance of the Rose* does he seem fully to feel the dream-character of all mediæval literature proper. Elsewhere, and perhaps here also, we note a curious evidence of that undying academic spirit which seems to have wound itself into all French critics who are not merely rebels and crotcheteers. We find, as of old, La Fontaine's *Fables* exalted above the *Contes*, not merely on the score of the looser morality of the latter, but as literature. We find far later Baudelaire, not exactly poochpoohed—it is too late to do that—but belittled; and we find at intervals many similar things. Also we are bound to say that, on the whole, M. Lanson's tone and manner, his substance and his style, appear to us rather those of a lecturer on literature than those of a literary historian. The distinction, though fine, is fairly real. But such lectures, carried out systematically and over the whole course of the story with such ability as M. Lanson's, and with such literary skill, cannot but be extremely valuable. The book is far more comprehensive than anything that exists in French on the subject, and far more thorough, and will be of very great use both to students and readers.

The period covered by the fifth volume of the Pasquier *Memoirs*, 1820-1824, is one which has not yet excited historical interest quite equal to its historical importance. The Greek, Spanish, and Italian risings, the Congresses of Laybach and Verona, the Royalist policy of Villèle in France, and the extreme system of "sitting on the safety-valve," which was begun and continued in other parts of Europe, no doubt contributed to, if they did not entirely cause, the partial Revolutions of 1830 and the general European burst-up of 1848. Nobody can accuse Pasquier, the least violent of politicians, of having done anything to advise unduly reactionary policy; but perhaps it may be thought that he is an example of what has been often pointed out, the unfortunate absence of a Tory party at once reasonably open-eyed and open-minded and resolutely conservative in France. He is, however, as may be supposed, a pretty resolute and pretty sharp critic of Metternich, and his account of the internal affairs and Ministerial accidents of France during the period is not only based upon the most intimate knowledge, but directed, on the whole, by a rare impartiality. The volume ends with a weighty and, as may be anticipated, unfavourable, though by no means acrimonious, criticism of the policy of Villèle. There are also in the course of the book some very interesting and extremely damaging remarks on Chateaubriand, including (though the Chancellor-Duke was not a man given to strong language) the word *trahison*. And, indeed, it is to be feared that Chateaubriand was not one of the rather rare men of letters who have come well out of contact with political affairs. As usual, the book is better reading for historical students than for the general public; but those of the latter class who have some patience and some instruction will find it pleasant as well as profitable.

NOVELS.

At Market Value. By GRANT ALLEN. 2 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1894.

IT at once forces itself on the attention of the reader that, however much goodness of heart the friends of Albert, Earl of Axminster (*alias* Arnold Willoughby) may have possessed, their manners and language could be easily improved. Rufus Mortimer, the generous and millionaire American, refers to the member of the House of Lords (now posing as a sailor and a painter) as "not at all the sort of man that's given away with a pound of tea. None of your cotton-backed gentlemen." The elegant Mrs. Hesselgrave (mother of the heroine) is known to "wipe her forehead"; the hero, once, under the name of Lord Axminster, the prey of Belgravian mothers, sends a message to his beloved that "if she thought she was going to marry an English Earl and I've like a Countess, she was very much mistaken," and even the Canon—the Canon, who should have set an example to all the rest—speaks of the "Honourable Algernon," and exclaims,

"but there," and "time and again." Nothing makes us feel the loss of Mr. Trollope like the introduction of the clergy into fiction. Would Archdeacon Grantly, or Mr. Harding, or Dean Arabin ever have said, "time and again?" Surely, whatever the Canon's sentiments might be, his manners would have been irreproachable. The vulgarities of young Reggie Hesselgrave, on the other hand, are natural enough; they belong to his type and surroundings; indeed he is, on the whole, the best drawn character in the book, in his selfishness and conceit, and general stupidity. His sister Kathleen has also many good points, but no young woman of seven-and-twenty, who so thoroughly knew the weaknesses of her relations, would have distressed herself for a moment over Reggie's empty threat of suicide. Mrs. Hesselgrave, their mother, is almost impossibly dense and idiotic, and appears in the middle of the novel to take a bias quite different from the one she started with. As for the Earl of Axminster himself, he is so eaten up by self-consciousness—or is it humility?—that he thinks no woman, or even man, can "love him for himself alone," to use the classic phrase, and lays down his rank (and its duties) for good and all, to become an A.B. on board a sealer. Still further to put a bar between himself and his true station, he places himself in the hands of an American specialist who is warranted to alter the features by some subtle modelling process. Strange to say, the result of this alteration is that, though the young renegade mixes with perfect impunity in London crowds composed in great measure of his old acquaintances, he is at once recognized by our friend the Canon, while leaning over the Rialto. As for Miss Kathleen Hesselgrave, the conviction that the missing Earl and her sailor-painter are one and the same is borne in upon her by some remarks of Lord Axminster, repeated by the Canon, as to the useful life led by a sailor "employed in carrying commodities from one place to another." This observation was as frequent in the mouth of "Arnold Willoughby" as the statement that "cats in the spring were heating to the blood" in those of Bungal and Munghal. Altogether the book, like most of those with a *parti pris*, shows a lack of knowledge of life and its probabilities, while supplying the reader with no bold inventions to take its place. The plot is slight and poor, but in the few pages of Arctic description Mr. Grant Allen is at home, and his description of the collision of the icebergs is the best thing in the novel.

The Old, Old Story. By ROSA N. CAREY. 3 vols. London: Bentley. 1894.

Miss Carey has never done a better piece of work—perhaps none half as good—as *The Old, Old Story*. Her characters are sharp and clear, and most of them sympathetic. There is a delightful old bookseller and his wife, refined and homely, a boy who is at once charming and boyish, and a young man who, without being in the least strong-minded, is pleasant and individual. The heroine behaves very much as a clever girl would behave under the circumstances when the soreness of her heart after the death of her father gives her prejudices undue preponderance over her principles. The least successful portrait in the book is that of Constance Wyndham, whose husband is called Hartley in the first volume and Harcourt in the other two. She is the beautiful, sweet-natured, prosperous, rather dense person beloved of novelists, to whom, for some occult reason, they always do give the name of Constance; but, though conventional, she is possible enough. Felix Hamerton is likewise something of a shadow and a bore; but, with these two exceptions, the characters are drawn with unusual distinctness, and their life stories are mainly the results of their characters. Miss Carey has achieved a success in what she has attempted, but one or two trifling blemishes may be pointed out. One is a habit of giving real names to places which seem in point of fact to be the creations of her own imagination, and this is apt to be very confusing to the reader. Her quotations are not always verbally accurate, and *spirituelle* means "witty" and not "spiritual," as she appears to think. Lastly, no high-minded sensitive woman like her heroine Gloden Carrick would ever have consented to wear jewels which had been the private property of her predecessor, especially when that predecessor had left a little girl to whom they lawfully belonged. Good feeling, as well as good taste, would have revolted against it.

The Green Carnation. Pioneer Series. London: Heinemann. 1894.

The primary sensation produced by reading *The Green Carnation* is one of bewilderment as to what Lady Locke could have been doing in such a *galère*. It was, no doubt, necessary to the author to have a stone wall (represented by Lady Locke) from which the football of his epigrams would rebound with renewed

agility; otherwise Lady Locke would have left the gathering of wits by the next train; would never have come; would have kept out of the way of both gentlemen and both ladies. According to the new code—which, after all, is no “newer” than the “New” writer—epigram is to the intellectual life what some scientific men once hoped the bathybius might be to the natural life; it is the essence of everything. Epigrams, in their way, are a delight to the soul; but their atmosphere is too rare to be breathed always. Yet the author of *The Green Carnation* produces nothing but epigrams, which, after all, are frequently lacking in proper epigrammatic form, and always elaborated to such a point that the cleverness is often whittled away. Amaranth’s simple method is usually to invert some quotation or accepted statement, and present it to his hearers in neat language, accompanied by an air of originality and profundity which is apt to impose. This kind of talk soon palls, especially as it conveys an impression of having been carefully pre-arranged in the watches of the night. As far as can be gathered from the book, he and his echo, Lord Reggie, are content to talk through life, uttering words which for the most part have no meaning; torturing their impressions, if they have any spontaneous ones, as the yew-trees, of old, were tortured into shapes, happy in passing their lives as Aunt Sallies, their absurdities the mark for every passer-by. Old age, approached from this point, hardly seems a satisfactory thing; but as a rule such people, if they exist, are like the City churches, entirely without congregations. Of course it goes without saying that allusions, thinly veiled, to various disgusting sins are freely scattered throughout the book; as well as personalities of the broadest description. There is no use in spreading unpleasantness by holding it up to reprobation; otherwise it might almost be thought that some of these remarks on living people exceed even the bounds of extreme bad taste, and render the book (were it worth while) open to an action for libel. Most people have known for some time that the world was very vulgar, but how vulgar we hardly realized till *The Green Carnation* was published.

The Mark o’ the Deil. By HOWARD PEASE. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1894.

If any one wants a change after reading *The Green Carnation*, he will certainly find it in Mr. Howard Pease’s collection of Northumbrian stories, all of them original and well told. He deserves the thanks of his readers, too, for toning down the dialect; dialects are generally a labour and a weariness, and unless spoken convey little to the mind. Mr. Pease has, however, managed his dialect with much skill, and it can be understood by any one. Perhaps the best of the stories is the one called “The Two Marrows; or, Mates,” where two friends fall in love with the same girl. When the victorious swain is dying from an accident, he makes his mate promise he will never propose to the young widow. However, the mate breaks his promise, and the two are married. But no sooner are they settled at home than a huge dog appears on their domestic hearth and keeps watch on their proceedings, especially objecting when any approach to love-making takes place between the man and his wife. “The Judgment,” describing a rough-and-ready trial by ordeal, is graphic and vigorous, and so is “Linkhouse Bill.” Mr. Pease always seizes on any humorous points in his situations, and nothing in the way of ancient lore or traditions escapes him. It is a strange instance of the perversion of things that a “sherry muir” is still in the Cheviots a synonym for a hopeless confusion; the epithet tracing its origin to the battle of Sheriffmuir, where “some say that he won, and some say that we won, and some say that none won at a’ man.”

A Common Story. By IVAN GONTCHAROFF. Translated by Constance Garnett. London: Heinemann. 1894.

Before being able to appreciate *A Common Story* as it undoubtedly deserves, the mind must be attuned to consider life under its Oriental aspect. There is a breadth and a leisureliness characteristic of all Russian stories, which are wholly foreign to our Western haste and eagerness. To us the details of daily life, on which these writers love to dwell, are often trivial and wearisome; yet, from the persistent way in which they are depicted, it is plain that they must be absolutely necessary to any proper understanding of the manners of the inhabitants. In *A Common Story*, for instance, pages are devoted to the account of Alexandr Fedoritch’s departure from home. Nothing is left to the imagination, not even whether the trunk is to be placed broadside or lengthwise on the *telega*, or where the forgotten brush and comb can be stowed away. Of course stories constructed on these principles are apt to run a little long, and *A Common Story* is closely written! Still it does not meddle with

political questions, and even has a sense of humour that few Western mortals can understand. The contrast between the gushing and sentimental Alexandr Fedoritch and his uncle Piotr Ivanitch, whom he is always trying to embrace, is very amusing. Piotr Ivanitch is an Oriental Mr. Bennett, kind-hearted and cynical; and, when Alexandr is sighing after the publication of his poems, he sets him to write an article on manure. The sympathies of English readers will all be with the uncle, who finds this effusive youth so severe a trial. Alexandr is always falling in love and “swooning with rapture,” but after ten years of swoons he recovers completely, becomes a Councillor, and marries a wife with five hundred serfs and three hundred thousand roubles. If the book has not the vague poetic attraction of many Russian novels with which we are familiar, it is valuable as showing another side to the national character, and Miss Garnett has done her work of translation well.

Romances of the Old Seraglio. By H. N. CRELLIN. London: Chatto & Windus. 1894.

The *Romances of the Old Seraglio* are perhaps more suggestive of *The Prisoner of Zenda* and the adventures of Sherlock Holmes than of our early friends, the *Arabian Nights*; yet they are very good reading for all that. “The Fatal Draught,” “The New Sultan,” and “The Juggler’s Doom” are highly ingenious in their various ways, though it seems as if Mr. Crellin had rather strained his effects when he describes a ceiling covered with crescents in brilliants. Throughout the stories the rôle of Sherlock Holmes is played by one Loredano, an Italian, who unravels every intrigue in an incredibly short time, and, without demanding anything for himself, makes and deposes Grand Viziers by the dozen and Agas by the score. How is it, one wonders on reading these marvellous tales, that the Turkish Empire has endured so long when its government is apparently carried on in so haphazard a fashion? An old man in the deepest poverty is made Governor of Roumelia because his son beats the Sultan at chess; a young boatman is made Grand Vizier for having fished up a gold cup of the Sultan out of the Bosphorus; when a conspiracy is discovered, the discoverer is invariably appointed to the place of the official who is the arch-plotter—have these things, one reflects, ever been founded on fact, or are they to be placed in the same category as the love-stories of modern French fiction, which, it has been suggested, are merely the outcome of the wildest imaginings of the people? Whichever way it is, the stories are amusing, and should find a large and grateful audience.

A Husband of No Importance. Pseudonym Library. By “RITA.” 1894.

A Husband of No Importance is, in many respects, the cleverest of the tales that have been published in the Pseudonym Library. It is not as laboured as some, it is pleasanter than others, while it is full of keen observation and common-sense; but why does “Rita” make her lady-foil, who in another state of literary being would have been her lady *confidante*, exclaim (p. 88) “Milles pardones”? “Rita” has a lighter hand in touching the follies—shall we even say vices?—of her time than many of her fellow-satirists, and the downfall of Mrs. Rashleigh is ingeniously contrived and hits her in her tenderest place. Beverly the actor, too, is ably sketched, and, for the most part, when he is not quoting the play in rehearsal, talks like a man, and not a sermon. It would be unfair to whisper the *dénouement*. Let the reader see for himself.

Both Worlds Barred. By SYDNEY KEAN. London: Fisher Unwin. 1894.

Both Worlds Barred is quite incredibly dull and silly. The author has yet to learn that chronicles of Scotch people of the lower classes do not of themselves make thrilling “copy,” and that every man who turns his attention that way has not of necessity Mr. Barrie’s genius. His ideas of life are confused and absurd, his style is vulgar, and he even goes the length of alluding to real ladies by their own names. Even on a wet day at a railway junction it would be hardly possible to read this book.

RECENT LAW BOOKS.

Foreign Jurisdiction of the British Crown. By W. E. HALL. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

MR. W. E. HALL is favourably known to lawyers as the author of the most systematic and readable text-book on International Law, and he has added to their obligations to him by

publishing an admirable treatise upon a group of subjects which, though distinct from the subject of his former work, are closely connected with portions of it, and have not hitherto been treated collectively. Her Majesty the Queen has, in the words of the Foreign Jurisdiction Act (1890), "jurisdiction in divers foreign countries, by treaty, capitulation, grant, usage, sufferance, and other lawful means"; and it is with this jurisdiction, its sources and extent, the manner in which it is exercised, and the officers through whom it operates, that the work before us is concerned. The rules and practice are to be found, not only in such accessible authorities as the Law Reports and Statutes, but also in Orders in Council, departmental decisions, and in the precedents recorded in the archives of the Foreign and Colonial Offices. Mr. Hall asks his readers to believe "that when facts are mentioned, and when statements evidently based on facts are made, without the authority for them being given, or when views are impersonally expressed, what is said has been founded at least on very careful inquiry." The concession will, no doubt, be readily made so soon as it becomes apparent that the work is treated by official persons with the deference which its reasonableness and careful expression warrant; but until then lawyers, at any rate, can hardly accept the author as his own authority. Unfortunately it has often been impossible for him to produce any other support for his propositions, except so far as deduction from some necessarily vague and indefinite maxims about the rights and duties of sovereigns may be cited in aid of them. And this makes the book present the spectacle, unusual for a law book, of a whole series of pages unmarked by a single reference. It must not, however, be imagined that the matters dealt with are entirely such as lie outside the jurisdiction of our Law Courts. To mention only two examples, many pages are devoted to the important topics of nationality and marriages in foreign countries. The anomalous powers of the Crown over British subjects in semi-civilized and barbarous countries are also dealt with in detail. It is probable that difficulties of "official etiquette," of which mention is made in the preface, have in some instances made the extensive use of the historical method so successfully employed by the author in his former work impracticable in this; but it is matter for regret, because the absence of references to actual precedents both diminishes the authority of the book and detracts from its interest.

The Opinions of Grotius. Collated, &c., by D. P. DE BRUYN. London: Stevens & Haynes.

We may couple with Mr. Hall's book an English edition of the opinions of Grotius. The opinions have been collected, translated, and edited with a commentary for use in South Africa, where judges are still engaged in striving to stretch the fragments of a stereotyped and archaic system over the field of modern needs. No doubt this work will from time to time be found useful in the Privy Council; but its chief attraction for English readers lies in the short life of the famous author of *De Jure Belli ac Pacis* and the admirable portrait which are prefixed to it. The biography is very slight, and shows little either of literary skill or of acquaintance with the early history of the seventeenth century; but it presents many interesting facts relating to its subject, and among them the appalling circumstance that Grotius edited and revised the philosophical works of Martianus Capella at the age of fourteen. The portrait suggests a singularly beautiful face. One readily imagines that it is an authentic memorial of a great lawyer who was at once a religious enthusiast, patriot, poet, and humanist.

Chitty's Statutes. Fifth edition. Vol. I. By J. M. LELY. London: Sweet & Maxwell; Stevens & Sons.

The law of England was described by John Austin as "a monstrous chaos, partly consisting of judiciary law, introduced bit by bit, and embedded in a measureless heap of particular decisions, and partly of legislative law stuck by patches on the judiciary law, and embedded in a measureless heap of occasional and supplementary statutes." Although this description is less accurate than it was before the recent codifying Acts were passed and when Parliamentary draftsmen still sought to achieve certainty by redundancy and involved expression rather than by accurate definition and logical arrangement, it is still sufficiently true to make *Chitty's Statutes* indispensable in the library of every lawyer who has not ready access to the numerous volumes of the *Statutes at Large*. "Chitty" is, however, much more than a collection of practical statutes. The Acts printed in it are grouped and indexed, and cross references and citations of the principal cases decided upon their several sections are added. The fact that the work has been in use from 1828, and has grown under pressure of an ever-active Legislature from two volumes

to twelve, is a sufficient indication of its value. The present edition is issued under the editorship of Mr. Lely, who has taken charge of so many standard legal works, including the last edition, published in 1880, of "Chitty" itself, and the subsequent annual supplements. Beyond some alteration in grouping no material changes have been introduced. But the new Acts have been dealt with in the old satisfactory way and put into their proper places. In dealing with the recent codifying statutes, such as the Bills of Exchange Act, room has been found for references to the leading authorities by which the law embodied in them was founded or illustrated; but throughout the volume before us the notes generally appear to have been kept down to much the same proportions as in the familiar fourth edition. Some irregularity in treatment is noticeable; but this was unavoidable in a work of so great magnitude upon which probably many hands have been employed. Taken as a whole, it is doubtful if the work could be made more practically useful, and when it is complete—which, according to the editor's expectations, will be in April or May next—it will be a boon to all practising lawyers.

Paterson's Practical Statutes for 1893. London: Horace Cox.

We have received also the annual edition of *Paterson's Statutes*, edited by Mr. J. S. CORRON. This year the edition is in two parts, many of the so-called Acts of 1893 having been delayed by reason of the unusual prolongation of the Session until the spring of 1894. The Acts are here published in compact form at a cheap rate in handy little volumes. The editor has added a few short notes, and also, to several of the important Acts, concise explanatory introductions which should be of great assistance to his readers. The introductions to the Sale of Goods Act and to the Parish Councils Act are admirably clear.

District and Parish Councils. By J. LITHBY. London: Effingham Wilson.

Hadden's Local Government Act, 1894. Second edition. London: Hadden, Best, & Co.

The Parish Councils Act Explained. By J. THEODORE DODD. Third edition. London: Horace Cox.

The passing of every important Act of Parliament is nowadays heralded by the publication of a number of editions and commentaries, but the Local Government Act, 1894, commonly called the Parish Councils Act, has distanced all other statutes in the bulk of the literature it has called into being. We have before us two large works upon the Act and a popularly written guide, as well as a short survey of a more general character which is largely concerned with its provisions. It is impracticable to do more than indicate the character of the contents of the larger works. Mr. Lithby has followed the ordinary plan of annotating the Act section by section with cross references, adding a collection of other Acts which are either referred to in it or necessary in order to understand its working, and giving a connected account of its provisions in a long introduction. The text of the anonymous manual published by Messrs. Hadden, on the other hand, is in the form of an ordinary treatise, dealing in separate chapters with the different matters to which the Act relates. The early publication of a second edition is evidence that this latter plan is, at least for laymen, the more convenient. Mr. Dodd's shilling guide is written on the same plan. It has reached a third edition and the fourth thousand.

An Outline of English Local Government. By E. JENKS. London: Methuen.

In a little book of popular lectures Professor Jenks has drawn out a sketch of our local institutions, which has a more general interest than the specialist's handbooks just referred to. It is very similar in scope and plan to the admirable summary which Judge Chalmers contributed of the "English Citizen Series," and, like its predecessor, it contains much matter which the citizen ought to know, and which an average lawyer will be glad to obtain in a convenient and readable form. An enumeration of some of his chapter headings will show the nature and scope of Professor Jenks's work—the parish, the school district, the hundred, the petty sessional district, the poor-law union, the sanitary district, the borough. All these subjects are, of course, only lightly touched upon, but after reading the greater part of the book, we have noticed only one mistake—a misstatement as to the local County Court jurisdiction. A few incidental comments of a general nature suggest that the author is more satisfied with some features of our system than most practical lawyers are, but his optimism is, at least, agreeable. Probably the following sentence was not intended to be taken seriously:—"It is, perhaps, needless to say that the law administered by the County Courts is precisely

the same as that administered by the superior Courts in parallel cases." In the same connexion, when dealing with the expense of County Court litigation, the author might usefully have referred to the excessive Court fees paid for it. A book which is simple enough to be read by electors and members of Parliament ought not to ignore notorious abuses which are obtruded by his subject upon the writer's notice.

The Law of Waste. By W. A. BEWES. London: Sweet & Maxwell.

Reference to waste has a somewhat archaic sound to modern ears, and many of the rules which constitute that branch of the law do, in fact, date from a period when Courts and litigants were more concerned with the affairs of the country than with those of the town. A very slight perusal of the elaborate treatise which Mr. Bewes has written will show, however, that, as Coke declared in a dictum cited on the title-page, "this learning of waste is most necessary to be known of all men," or, at any rate, all who are interested in lands or houses, which are subject to settlements, mortgages, tenancies, or trusts. The right to cut timber and underwood, to work mines or to deal with fixtures, and the obligations of repairing are carefully and lucidly considered in this work, as well as the nature and origin of the several remedies by which the rights are conserved and the duties enforced. Mr. Bewes makes, in his preface, several notable suggestions with regard to some defects and anomalies in the law of waste. Where a limited owner may cut the timber, he is under no obligation to replant; and, in the interests of the community as well as that of the reversioners, this inexpensive burden should be cast upon him. An equitable tenant for life has, generally, no duty to repair; so that, if he chooses, he may let the inheritance suffer material damage by permissive waste, but he is not allowed to charge the cost of repairs upon the inheritance if he does them. And, besides these existing defects, it is probable that an additional weakness may be introduced if Lord Herschell's Bill reducing the period of limitation in actions of tort is passed in its present form, and allowed to extend to actions grounded upon waste. There is no other modern text-book upon the subject, and practitioners who, hitherto, have had to rely upon the notes to *Garth v. Cotton*, and scattered passages in works on other topics, will find this book a convenient and practical substitute.

A Treatise on Possession of Land. By J. M. LIGHTWOOD. London: Stevens & Sons.

The subject of possession occupies a great space in works devoted to scientific jurisprudence, and it has, or has had, much practical importance in some systems of municipal law, and particularly in the Roman system. Modern English law, however, has dealt with the difficulties with which the doctrines of possession are encumbered in an essentially practical spirit, paying little regard to history and none at all to philosophy. Still, even in English Courts, questions of law in regard to possession of land frequently occur, and Mr. Lightwood's learned and scholarly treatise may do for them what the recent work of Mr. Justice Wright and Sir Frederick Pollock has done for questions relating to the possession of chattels. Such a work as that before us is necessarily greatly concerned both with legal history and with the great fountain-head of Roman law; but Mr. Lightwood has been careful throughout his book to distinguish clearly between present rules and their ancient sources, as well as to separate the discussions of the German theorists from the inferences fairly deducible from the authorities of our law reports. A practical lawyer, therefore, who cares little for the "mystery of seisin," or its "beatitude," will find the learning as to trespass, or forcible entry, or the real property statutes of limitations, here conveniently collected; and a student will find, in addition to these matters, a sensible presentment of the substance of some great academic discussions.

The Law of Principal and Agents. By E. BLACKWOOD WRIGHT. London: Stevens & Sons.

A new book upon the law of principal and agent must necessarily challenge comparison with the authoritative treatise of Story and the able and exhaustive work of Mr. Evans. Mr. Blackwood Wright, so far as can be judged from the book before us, is ill equipped to compete with writers so distinguished for both style and knowledge as his predecessors; but he has the great advantage of being six years later in date than Mr. Evans's last edition, and of having brought out his book at a smaller price. He has not been very successful in framing the propositions around which his authorities are grouped, for his mo-

general statements are not only in some instances expressed with little regard to grammar, but, in not a few cases, are distinctly erroneous in point of law. Thus, his opening definition states that "the word agent is used in works on the law of principal and agent only of a person employed for the purpose of bringing the principal in legal relation with a third party," a definition which excludes agents employed to perform legal obligations or to determine legal relationships. Later on in the book the reader is informed that, "if the principal ratifies an act of the agent which is a tort, he makes himself liable for it"—a sentence which is at least awkwardly expressed. Again, on p. 121, it is broadly affirmed that, "if the work done is useless, the agent is entitled to nothing," and on p. 126, the rule that "an agent ought not to have any interest adverse to his principal, and if he has cannot bind such principal," is stated without any qualification as to the principal's knowledge of his agent's position. It is fair, however, to add that these loose statements are usually corrected by a comparison with others found in the neighbouring pages, and that the author's peculiarities of expression rarely conceal his meaning. As a compendium of authorities brought well up to date, stated with sufficient accuracy, and furnished with a copious index, Mr. Blackwood Wright's book may be of considerable service to a lawyer who has attained to a comfortable suspicion of text-book propositions. Nearly a thousand cases are cited, and a large proportion of the citations are accompanied by a summary statement of the facts, or by *dicta* taken from the judgments delivered in them.

Administrations, Executorships, and Trusteeships. By F. WOOD. London: Horace Cox.

It would be easy, if contemplation of so much misdirected industry as is here displayed were not sufficient to cast even a reviewer into a gentle melancholy, to demonstrate that, as a work of humour, Mr. Wood's digest of the "(a) law or principles and (b) practice (fully detailed) of and in (1) administrations, (2) executorships, and (3) trusteeships respectively," &c., excels all others ever issued by the law publishers. Its title-page is a sort of treatise, reference to thirteen pages of description is necessary to "obtain a correct idea of the exact plan" of the work, and, although the author's matter is only compressed into 470 closely printed pages by the aid of numerous abbreviations, it contains more rhetoric than we have ever seen within the same compass of print in a law book. Widows and minors, we are told, are practically at their trustee's mercy. "They can (1) bar their doors against housebreakers, and (2) by proper precautions secure their purses from the pickpocket, but they cannot protect themselves against the fraudulent trustee, and it is small consolation to them, when their money has been dissipated past recovery, to (a) bring the offender to justice, and (b) consign him to a convict's cell." Mr. Wood has endeavoured to throw into the form of a detailed alphabetical index not only all the law and practice on the subjects he deals with, but also practical directions for laymen and hints for legislators. In order to secure leading catchwords, he has not shrunk from inversions which would have startled even the writers of metrical psalms, but the copious learning and instruction he has collected would have been far more useful to lay readers if he had stated it in connected paragraphs, with an index of reference in the ordinary way. It might then, also, have been of service to lawyers.

A Treatise on the Constitution and Government of Solicitors. By A. M. WHITE. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

Mr. White has carefully collected the cases and statutes in which solicitors have a special professional interest, and has arranged them in a convenient form. His statements of the law are a little too dry and dogmatic, and his book would have been more useful had he illustrated it in the usual way by giving the facts of the leading decisions in outline. On the other hand, he has avoided an evil which is the bane of many modern text-books, by citing a separate authority for each proposition—save in the few, but too frequent, cases where he cites no authority at all—instead of hanging a congested note of names of cases on to a paragraph of propositions. His sectional headings might have been made more elegant. The chapter on "Retainers," for example, is divided under the subtitles "Who may retain," "When it may be," "How it may be," "For how long," and two others. And in a number of references the names of the cases have been unaccountably omitted. The book contains a chapter on American law, and deals at length with the important subject of costs.

The Trustee Act. By A. L. ELLIS. Fifth edition. London: Stevens & Sons.

Mr. Ellis has had the singular good fortune to write a "Trustee's

Guide to Investments, which in seven years has been very widely circulated, and has exhausted four editions. He has now brought out a fifth edition in the form of a commentary upon the Trustee Act of last year. The Act itself is a good example of codification upon the lines recently adopted in Parliament, and the author's commentary, without being very elaborate, is comprehensive and careful. The appendix contains particulars of certain classes of investments, such as borough and corporation stocks and the stocks of railways which fall within the rules relating to payment of dividend embodied in the Act, so that trustees are provided, not only with a statement of the law controlling trust investments, but also with practical information to aid them in selecting securities. The book is an admirable compendium.

A Synopsis of the New Estate Duty and Finance Act, 1894. By E. HARRIS. London: Clowes & Sons.

A Guide to the New Death Duty. By E. FREETH. London: Stevens & Sons.

Affiliation Proceedings. By W. H. BOTT. London: Stevens & Sons.

A Handy Guide to the Licensing Acts. By H. W. LATHOM. London: Stevens & Sons.

The Law of Joint-Stock Companies. By Dr. J. W. SMITH. London: Effingham Wilson.

Reminders on Company Law. By V. DE S. FOWKE. London: Horace Cox.

A Manual of the Principles of Equity. By JOHN INDERMAUR. Third edition. London: George Barber.

We have received also the sixth edition of Sir Frederick Pollock's book on Contracts (Stevens & Sons)—a work which has done much to secure for its subject pre-eminence as not only the best, but the most easily studied, branch of English law—and the second edition of Kay's Law of Shipmasters and Seamen (Stevens & Haynes). "Kay" has been carefully edited, brought up to date, and compressed into one volume by the Hon. J. W. Mansfield and Mr. G. W. Duncan. It does not comprise the consolidated Merchant Shipping Act, which is to be added as a second volume, but it is certainly the most comprehensive modern treatise devoted to the subject. Among the smaller publications before us are two upon the new Death Duties, one an analysis of the late Act, with forms, and the other an edition of the Act, with an introduction, a short treatise, some elaborate forms, and an index; a short manual, with forms, on the law and practice of bastardy; a Guide to the Licensing Acts; a popular summary of the Law of Joint-Stock Companies; and a volume of reminders on Company Law; a student's text-book on Equity; and two papers (King & Son) on "the Relation of Taxation to Monopolies," by E. R. Johnson, and on the "Classification of Law," by R. H. Curtis, published by the American Academy of Political and Social Science.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

Two Summers in Guyenne. By EDWARD HARRISON BARKER. London: Bentley & Son. 1894.

MR. BARKER is a leisurely traveller, and not one of the multitude intent on "doing," of whom it is said *on va, mais on ne voyage pas*. He will take to the road only when the road invites, and though he owns to a destination, he will approach it with a fine coyness, as it were, should there be anything to tempt him astray, in the works of nature or of man, historic buildings, forest and moorland, caverns or good fishing water. The route-track on his map shows by many a loop that he loved to make a *détour* when occasion offered on his summer journey through the solemn Limousin country, the wild Corrèze, and the forests of Périgord into the Bordelais. The present volume is a continuation of Mr. Barker's travels in the Quercy, Gevandun, and along the borders of the Cevennes, following the waters of the Lot and the Tarn, the chronicle of which is so agreeably set forth in his previous volume, *Wanderings by Southern Waters*. His method is still the same. He goes where he has a mind to go, free as the light, free as the air, "a wild bird and a wanderer," drawing upon his own resources, which are many, and not enslaved to the guide-book habit. It is a mistake, he observes, to think that the best hotels have the best wine. There you get the "wine of commerce," much blended, and more or less treated with sulphate of lime—a most abhorrent form of plastering. In some out-of-the-way auberge the traveller finds the real *vin du pays*, and excellent it is. Flatter the innkeeper, Mr. Barker advises, and the genuine product of the land will be brought from the cellar. In the remote districts in which he wandered,

such as the Corrèze, the people are dependent on local supplies. At the little village of St. Bazile, for instance, in what was once a wine-country, he found a place of water-drinkers. Phylloxera and mildew had killed the wine industry. But this was an exceptional case. Travelling in lands that were once portions of the old Duchy of Aquitaine, Mr. Barker is naturally interested in such traces of the English occupation as could be noted, and in observing the still surviving anti-English feeling of the natives. At Martel, where he was arrested as a spy, he noted the English leopard carved on the ruined palace of the English kings, and found the people still speak of *le léopard Anglais*. Examining some ruins, on one occasion, he was vehemently reproached as the cause of the devastation, he and his countrymen, by a sullen old woman standing by. These French peasants seem to have long and strong memories. From the Auvergne rivers, the Dordogne and the Vézère, Mr. Barker passed through Périgord to the Isle and the Dronne, voyaging down the latter river in a canoe to its junction with the Dordogne—a pleasant expedition pleasantly described. His book is well illustrated and has a good map.

Through Ten English Counties. By JAMES JOHN HISSEY. With Illustrations by the Author. London: Bentley & Son. 1894.

Mr. Hissey's locomotive disposition is entirely for the road. Armed with "Paterson," and high on the box-seat, with a pair of "spanking tits" before him, he takes his happy way through England, determined to be "jolly," as he puts it, as jolly as the landlords of the old roadside inns he patronizes, who issue from their ancient haunts to hail his arrival with fervour, thinking the good old coaching days have come again. The whip and the horseshoes stamped upon the cover of his book are Mr. Hissey's proper emblems. That amiable astrologer and theorist mentioned by Peacock who saw the Zodiac and four "houses" in everything; even in the sign of the four horseshoes, might have observed the three horseshoes on Mr. Hissey's book with sore dismay. When he asked the landlord of the inn, the "Four Horseshoes," on leaving the house with Shelley, if he knew the mystic significance of the number, and his simple host told him there were four because a horse had four hoofs, he angrily exclaimed, "Did you ever know such a fool?" Whether Mr. Hissey's pair really had three apiece or the orthodox and zodiacal four, it is evident that they covered much ground and at a goodly rate of travel. Nor is Mr. Hissey's enjoyment less evident. Everywhere he met with kindness, and in every stranger found a friend—"so long life to the road say I!" It is true he met one unsympathizing soul in the driver of a brewer's dray, in a hilly country, who told him that they were on "a—bad road," and that he did not drive about to see scenery, which "was rather hard on us," remarks Mr. Hissey. Space does not permit to quote the author's just commendations of the fine old inns he sojourned at, or his appreciative comments on historic halls and ancient churches, in the western midlands of Wilts, Worcestershire, and so forth. His tour through ten counties is as full of entertainment, and as well illustrated, as any of his previous volumes of driving expeditions, and the discerning reader will need no further recommendation of it.

Pride and Prejudice. By JANE AUSTEN. With a Preface by GEORGE SAINTSBURY and Illustrations by Hugh Thomson. London: George Allen. 1894.

In this beautiful book there is a most admirable accord between the work of the artist and the critic, which accord is the sum of its beauty, since the making of a beautiful book is a work of art; and there is no work of art without that harmony of its elements which is the expressive sum of all its charms. Mr. Saintsbury discourses in his happiest vein on the qualities of Miss Austen's novels, and shows how fruitful the comparative method may be in the hands of a capable exponent. It is long since Mr. Thomson was acknowledged as the inheritor and legitimate successor of Randolph Caldecott. Excellent as his previous work has been, he has surpassed the best of it in these drawings to *Pride and Prejudice*. They comprise the finest work he has yet given us, and the most perfect illustration that an English artist has supplied to an English book in our times. His Darcy, his Sir William, his Mr. Collins, his Elizabeth Bennett, and the rest possess the spirit and humour of the great originals.

Aut Diabolus aut Nihil; and other Tales. By X. L. London: Methuen & Co. 1894.

All the short stories in this collection are considerably above the average magazine contributions of the day, both in conception and style. They are told with a good deal of power, and the

power is revealed in a fashion decidedly original. The first story, "Aut Diabolus aut Nihil," striking as it is, is by no means the most remarkable, despite the pother that has been raised concerning it in certain quarters where, it would seem, the writer's reference to Cazotte proved cryptic, and Poe or Hoffmann, not to mention M. Huysmans, are as yet undiscovered. We admit that this "Tale from Blackwood" recalls the prime of that magazine, when its contributors originated a kind of short story like nothing that then was, or had been. To say as much as this is to recognize the merits of the story. The culminating scene of incantation, however, is scarcely so impressive as some of the kind we might name. But with regard to the power of "A Waltz of Chopin" and "A Kiss of Judas" no dispute at all is possible. The horrible and the pathetic are interwoven with extraordinary effect in these stories. In force and freshness they are original, to a degree of originality that may be called primitive—a kind of passionate directness in the storyteller that absolutely absorbs us. Nor will there be many, we think, able to withstand the grim fascination of the slighter stories in the volume, "The Luck of the Devil" and the "Strange Story of a Diamond."

Matteo Bandello: Twelve Stories done into English. With a Memoir of the Author. By PERCY PINKERTON. London: J. C. Nimmo. 1895.

Mr. Pinkerton has made a good selection from the *novelle* of Bandello. It includes, as was meet, the old story of Romeo and Juliet, which Shakespeare borrowed from Boiastuan and Belleforest, as Mr. Pinkerton thinks, and not directly from Bandello, as is likely enough. The English reader who would not be at the pains of consulting these French translators, and "traitors" to Bandello, may be grateful to the translator of this comely volume. There will be found in it, as Mr. Pinkerton points out, no sample of the coarseness with which Bandello has been justly charged. Nevertheless, Mr. Pinkerton declares he cannot find much praise for "the humour of Bandello, the humour untouched by obscenity," and he speaks of the "characters" of the stories as "shadowy, pulseless figures, without magnetism, without life." There is something dispiriting in these frank convictions of a translator. They set you wondering why he should take up an enterprise that promised so little for himself and his readers. But towards the close of his preface we are reassured by the acknowledgment of Bandello's mastery in the art of the storyteller.

Hannele: a Dream Poem. By GERHART HAUPTMANN. Translated by WILLIAM ARCHER. London: W. Heinemann. 1894.

No reader of Mr. Archer's version of Herr Hauptmann's "Dream-Poem" will feel any surprise that a work so unconventional, yet designed for the stage, where conventions are necessarily predominant, should have roused something like disruption among dramatic critics since its production in Germany and at the Théâtre Libre in Paris. M. Sarcey denounced the piece as beneath contempt and mere "mechanical trickery," while M. Jules Lemaitre thought it a "plausible dream, governed by a clear and simple logic." Mr. Archer deals rather cruelly with M. Sarcey when he shows how that critic strained at this gnat and yet swallowed the egregious camel of *Le Trésor des Radjahs*. He cautiously declines to speculate on the theatrical qualities of *Hannele*, observing that only experiment can determine what they may be. Decidedly, the thought of stage representation will seem scarcely tolerable to those of Mr. Archer's readers who are most moved by the delicacy and truth of these pathetic scenes of a dying girl's visions. If, however, this "Dream-Poem" is not as free in fantasy as a poet's dream should be, and is, as Mr. Archer thinks, carefully thought out with a consistent logic of its own, doubtless the Independent Theatre will try to produce it.

From Spring to Fall. By A SON OF THE MARSHES. Edited by J. A. OWEN. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1894.

The writer of these sketches of wild life returns in this volume to the scenes of his earlier observation, the borders of Surrey, Sussex, and Hampshire, pursuing his own method, as of old, and with the old charms of clear and accurate reproduction of what he has seen and thought worthy of chronicling. He is firmly convinced that "Natural history is yet in its infancy." The observer who lives in nature, the open-air naturalist, or "out-of-doors men and women," will, he declares, spread the truth and nothing but the truth, and vindicate the method he has selected.

We should be well content with the prospect were we assured that his successors will prove as competent and interesting as "A Son of the Marshes."

Some few weeks since we noticed at length the resumption by Mrs. Everett Green of the editing of the *Calendar of State Papers*, "Domestic Series" (Eyre & Spottiswoode), and we have now to note a further instalment, continuing the entries of the volume then reviewed, dealing with the period October 1668–December 1669. Mr. J. C. Nimmo is the publisher of a handsome reprint of three essays on *Blank Verse* by the late John Addington Symonds, deservedly rescued from the comparative obscurity of an appendix in the volume of *Sketches and Studies in Italy* and of the study, *Giovanni Boccaccio*, by Mr. Symonds, issued in the same comely style.

From Mr. Wohlleben, of Great Russell Street, we have an interesting tribute to the popularity of Hans Christian Andersen, *Une Mère; Conte de H. C. Andersen en vingt-deux langues*, edited by P. Em. Hansen (St. Petersburg: Nicolaieff). Some of the twenty-two versions of the "Story of a Mother," such as the Italian, the Little Russian, the Armenian, the Hebrew, appear for the first time in this collection. The series starts with the original Danish, as is proper, and the book is adorned on the cover with a good portrait of Andersen.

Songs of Zion by Hebrew Singers of Medieval Times (Dent & Co.) is a charming little book of translations in English verse by Mrs. Henry Lucas from the odes and hymns of Jehuda Halevi, Solomon ibn Gebirol, and other Hebrew bards of the Middle Ages. The famous "Ode to Zion" of Jehuda Halevi, accounted "most beautiful of all" by the translator, is here associated with some scarcely inferior poems by the same writer and others—such as the fine "Passover Hymn," the noble song of aspiration "Servant of God," and the exalted address "O Sleeper! wake, arise!" The stately "Hymn of Unity," for instance, is not unworthy of Halevi, the author of the examples we have named, and is closely related in spirit to the majestic "Hymn of Praise" by Abraham ibn Ezra. It is saying much for the felicity with which Mrs. Lucas has rendered these ancient Songs of Zion that they should prove so deeply moving in their English form.

The concluding volume of the "Uniform" edition of the late Mr. Browning's works, *Asolando: Facts and Fancies* (Smith, Elder, & Co) contains "Biographical and Historical Notes to the Poems" and a "first-line" index to the shorter poems. The Notes, arranged alphabetically, refer to the whole Poetical Works, and form a valuable dictionary for reference.

Two new volumes, *Angs Pitou*, with illustrations and introduction, we have to note, as a recent instalment of Messrs. Dent & Co.'s pretty edition of Dumas in English, which is to include several romances that will be new to English readers.

Among other new editions we have received *The Inns of Court and Chancery*, by the Rev. W. J. LOFTIE, with illustrations by Herbert Raiton (Seeley & Co.); *Chips from a German Workshop*, by Professor F. MAX MÜLLER, Vol. I. (Longmans & Co.); *The Flower of Forgiveness*, by FLORA ANNIE STEEL (Macmillan & Co.); *Grettir the Outlaw*, by S. BARING-GOULD (Blackie & Son); *Ravenshoe*, by HENRY KINGSLEY (Ward, Lock, & Bowden); *A Country Muse*, by NORMAN GALE, first series (Constable & Co.); *Jock o' Hazlegreen*, by HELEN MATHERS (Jarrold & Sons); and the last volume of the "Dryburgh" edition of the Waverley Novels, *The Surgeon's Daughter and Castle Dangerous* (A. & C. Black), with glossary and complete index to the twenty-five volumes of the edition.

We have also received *A Short History of Syriac Literature*, by the late Professor WILLIAM WRIGHT (A. & C. Black), reprinted with additions from the *Encyclopædia Britannica*; *The Authorship of the West Saxon Gospels*, by ALISON DRAKE, A.M., Columbia College, New York; *Complete Poetical Works*, by CONSTANCE C. W. NADEN (Bickers & Son); *The Mountain Lake, and other Poems*, translated into English verse from the German by F. M. von Bodenstedt, by JULIA PRESTON (Roxburghe Press); *What Men Live By and What Shall it Profit a Man?* by Count LEO TOLSTOI (Scott); *'Neath Austral Skies*, by E. B. LOUGHRAN (Melville, Mullen, & Slade); *German Test Papers*, by J. A. JOERG, for students preparing for the Universities, Woolwich, or

Sandhurst, and other examinations (Stanford); *English Grammar*, by J. ARNOLD TURNER and A. R. S. HALLIDIE (Rivington, Percival, & Co.), and *Exercises in English Grammar and Analysis*, by the same writers (Rivington, Percival, & Co.); *A Binet's Primer*, by HERBERT C. GIBBS (Effingham Wilson & Co.), second edition; the new volume of *The Quiver* (Cassell & Co.), well illustrated and full of interesting matter, as usual; "Ambassadorial Number" of the *Salon*, with the music of national hymns, portraits of ambassadors, &c.; and the first number of *Modern Art and Literature*, edited by RICHARD BONG, with illustrations after Kaufmann and others, in colour and in "black and white."

We beg leave to state that we cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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November 17, at 8 o'clock. Vocalist, Miss Katharine Palfrey. Violinist, Mmes. Emilie Sauret. The Programme will include the performance of Concert Overture, in praise of Scottish Poets ("Ye Wallace"), Air from the 18th Concerto Grosso and Bourée from the 4th Oboe Concerto (Handel), Concerto for Violin and Orchestra (Moszkowski), Violin Solo, "Elégie et Rondo" (Sauret), Symphony No. 3 in C, and Academic Festival Overture in C (Brahms). Numbered Seats, 2s. and 4s.; Unnumbered, 1s.

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